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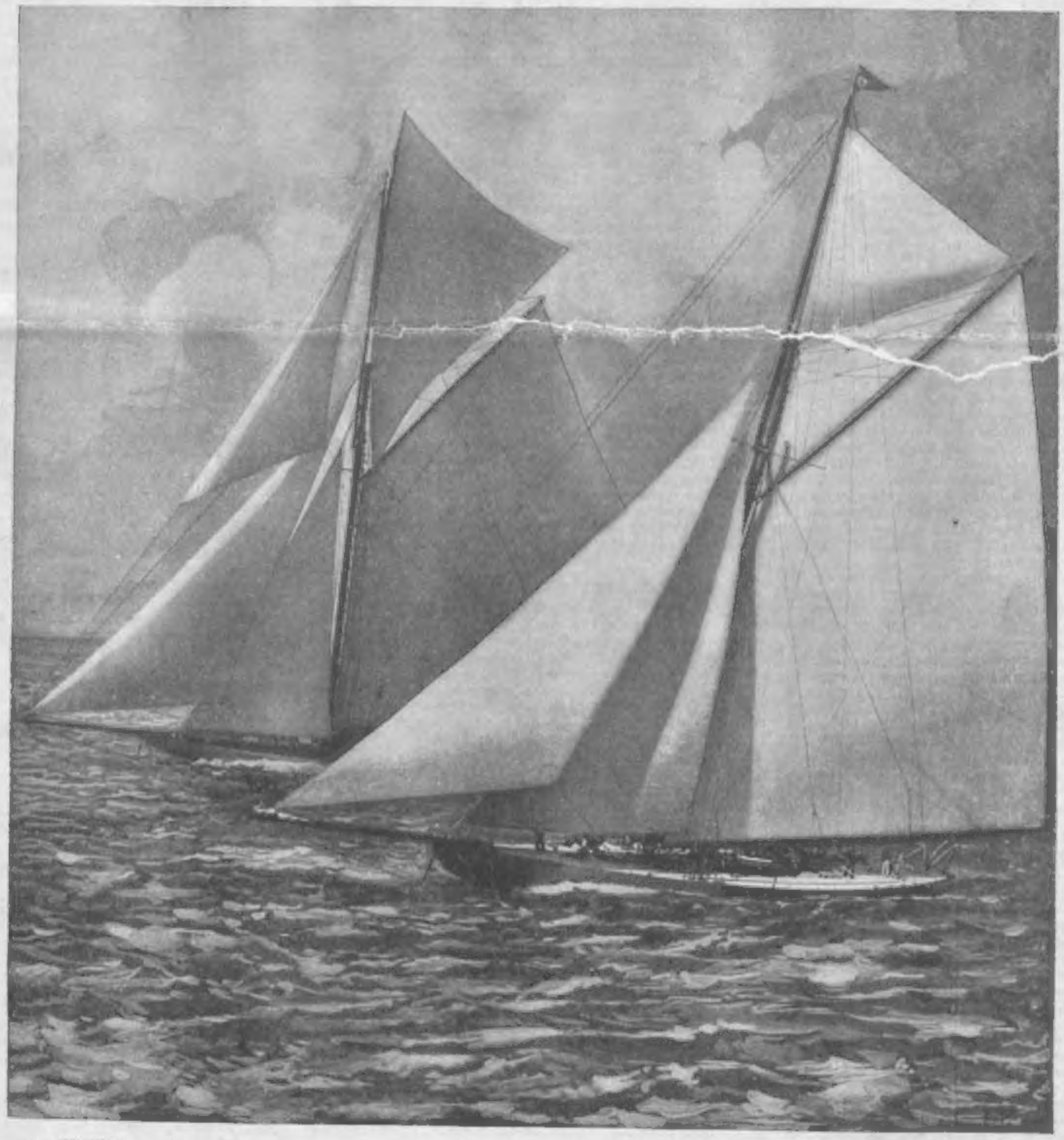
SHAMROCK – WHICH WINS? – COLUMBIA

By A. J. KENEALY



COLUMBIA
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SHAMROCK
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NEARLY every State in the Union is yachting-mad. No matter whether our fellow-citizens of inland towns have ever seen a sailing craft or not, the same enthusiasm is rife among them. "Say, Mister! is our yacht going to win?" is a frequent question, followed quickly by the beseeching interrogatory: "Tell me, Mister, what is a yacht like, anyway?"

This is only natural. The bulk of our inhabitants live far from waters where yacht-racing is possible, but every year, when contests for the America's cup are held, much salt-water enthusiasm is developed and the whole country, as I said before, goes yachting-mad. This feeling has been accentuated more than ever this year. The challenge of the Shamrock has aroused much delight among

us who have a strain of Irish blood in our veins. glamour of the name vanishes in the light of stern frigid facts. There is nothing Hibernian in the boat except the accident of birth of her owner, Sir Thomas Lipton, who, although a native of Ireland, left the Green Island while he was yet a child, and learned thrift in Scotland, and acquired his rare business capacity in the United States. He must therefore have earned his laurels as a cosmopolite. But the name Shamrock has zest and go and vim, and even if there is nothing Irish about her but her name and the saucy little green shamrock which her owner flaunts in his private signal on a golden background of bunting, still she will always be regarded by the great majority as an Irish boat, and thus worthy of aggressive support.

Divested of the halo of romance, the facts are these: Sir Thomas Lipton, of London, Ceylon, and the United States, is a millionaire merchant. Until the year 1897 he had never been connected with the sport of yachting. He knew how to sail a small craft in a crude fashion, but of yacht-racing he was entirely ignorant. In 1898 he joined the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, his first affiliation to any yachting organization. His avowed purpose in this was to challenge for the America's Cup. In this object he was aided by the Prince of Wales, who looked askance at the tactics of Lord Dunraven in the international race of 1894, and was anxious to see another contest for the cup.

His challenge, sent last year, was accepted in the spirit in which it was offered. Sir Thomas is loud in praise of the treatment which his envoys experienced at the hands of the New York Yacht Club officials last autumn. He is just as much an American as he is a Scotch-Irishman, and is therefore not slow to appreciate fair play.

THE QUEST FOR AN IRISH DESIGNER

Sir Thomas would have liked very much to make his challenge Irish in every way. Unlike some of his fellow-subjects who owe allegiance to Queen Victoria, he is not ashamed of his birthplace. This is eminently to his credit, but unfortunately he was handicapped by infelicitous circumstances. In the first place, there is no Irish yacht designer in existence who has, up to the present time, produced a cup challenger, except Beavor Webb, who designed the unsuccessful challenging cutters, Genesta and Galatea. He, however, has forsworn allegiance to Her Britannic Majesty, and has married an American wife. In addition to this, he has of late been engaged in the business of designing steam yachts for American millionaires, and thus was quite out of question as a candidate for cup-challenging honors.

Thus driven away from the place of his birth, Sir Thomas was forced to the land of his adoption, Scotland. He had the choice of two naval architects of celebrity—George W. Watson, of Glasgow, and William Fife, Jr., of Fairlie, in Ayrshire. Now, Watson was burdened with the harassing handicap of three previous defeats in races for the America's Cup. His crack cutter, Thistle, was beaten ignominiously by Volunteer. Vigilant knocked spots out of Valkyrie II, and Defender, to all men devoid of prejudice, demonstrated her superiority to Valkyrie III. Thus, to a believer in good luck, like Sir Thomas Lipton, Watson was impossible. Fife was the only alternative.

This talented man, whose ancestor founded the shipyard at Fairlie on the Clyde more than a hundred years ago, is well known and appreciated in American waters, chiefly by his almost invincible cutters, Minerva and Clara, which gained so much renown hereabouts. His big cutter, Ailsa, was the heroine of two seasons in the Mediterranean. When approached by Sir Thomas Lipton, he grasped eagerly at the opportunity to succeed in the arena where his friend and rival, Watson, had failed. His plans were made in Scotland. When Sir Thomas Lipton suggested that the yacht should be constructed at the yard of Harland & Wolff, in Belfast, where so many great ocean steamers (including the Oceanic, the biggest vessel now afloat) were built, the scheme was found to be impracticable. The Irish firm declined the responsibility from patriotic reasons alone. They did not care to see the name of their firm associated with a failure. Their specialty was steamships, not racing yachts.

This candid statement of existing conditions forced Sir Thomas Lipton to give up yet another Hibernian longing. As the yacht could not be built in Ireland, he concluded to make her the joint product of England and Scotland. So he had her built on the Thames.

As a matter of fact, the Shamrock has nothing that is Irish in her, so far as design and build are concerned. Designed in Scotland, built on the Thames, manned by a crew of Scotchmen and Englishmen, all that the Emerald Isle can claim for its own is the name of Shamrock and the picture of the patriotic emblem which her owner flies on his flag. I almost forgot to mention the green paint with which her topsides are plastered. Her first skipper, Hogarth, is Scotch, as is her second skipper, Wringe. There is not a man of Irish birth in the whole ship's company.

THE BUILDERS OF THE COLUMBIA

The patriotic manner in which Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge was taken up by Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, of the New York Yacht Club, was indeed gratifying. Both these gentlemen had been associated in the defense of the cup by Defender. Mr. Iselin had assumed the whole burden of the fray in both Vigilant and Defender, and had conducted both vessels to a victorious and glorious conclusion. He is one of our most skillful amateur yachtsmen. He has engaged as skipper Charles Barr, Scotch by birth but Yankee by adoption. Barr is one of the smartest professionals afloat. He sailed Minerva across the ocean to New York, and navigated Vigilant on her homeward voyage after her memorable season in British waters. His crew is composed of sturdy salts, all of whom hail from Deer Isle, Maine, whence all the men before the mast on Defender came.

Naturally, Messrs. Morgan and Iselin went to the Herreshoff ship-building firm, of Bristol, Rhode Island, who had made their reputation by building the celebrated yachts, Gloriana, Colonia, Niagara, Wasp, Navahoe, Vigilant and Defender, all of them epoch-makers. No other designers and builders were available. They had invented the fin keel with its bulb of lead, and no other firm was possible.

It must be understood that of late years American and British designers have been converging to one common shape in the construction of a racing yacht. There is little to choose between the models of the two countries. The similarity of Defender and Valkyrie III was great. The time has now come when the possible speed attainable by a racing yacht of ninety feet on the water-line has been pretty nearly reached. It remains to see which country shall reap the laurels of triumph.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT STRAIN IN THE IRISHMAN

A marked coincidence in connection with the two craft is this: Mr. William Fife, Jr., is a practical shipwright, having worked as a boy in his father's shipyard. He is as good a mechanic as he is a draughtsman, and as a ship's carpenter could earn his daily bread. But realizing that the Shamrock had to be an exceptionally fast boat to achieve the object for which she was intended, he called in the aid of the Thornycrofts, the most famous firm of torpedo-boat builders in Great Britain. From these experts he gained valuable hints and "wrinkles" in light and strong construction. It may be fairly assumed that while the form of the Shamrock is wholly the creation of young Fife, the hull in frame and plating embodies all the latest devices known in the construction of thirty-five-knot torpedo-boats. These craft, to attain their marvelous speed, have to be of exceptional lightness. To withstand the constant whir and jar of the machinery they must necessarily be strong. These two attributes form an unusual combination, but the study of a lifetime has made the Thornycroft torpedo-boat almost a perfect craft.

Mr. Fife as a shipwright may have been horrified at the methods employed by Mr. Thornycroft in the construction of Shamrock, but as a scientist of the progressive school he cannot help being delighted at the result achieved. For instance, when it was suggested to him that by dispensing with a wooden deck he might save at least a ton in weight, the advice must have been somewhat in the nature of a shock, but he was shrewd enough to grasp immediately the advantage to be gained by this decrease of weight above the water-line, and to consent to a deck of a thin sheet of metal covered with canvas to afford secure foothold for the crew. That is where torpedo-boat building came in and superseded the art of the shipwright. By saving a pound in weight here and a pound in weight there without the sacrifice of any structural strength, Shamrock is probably the lightest yacht of her tonnage that Great Britain has yet turned out.

THE NEWEST WRINKLES OF THE HERRESHOFFS

But Columbia is also the production of a builder of torpedo-boats, and that is where the coincidence alluded to above comes in. The Herreshoffs have built several torpedo craft of high speed for the United States Government which have given perfect satisfaction. It is true that these boats have not proved so fast as some of the later productions of the Thornycroft yard, but Nat Herreshoff is a man who makes it his business to keep abreast of the times, so in point of construction Columbia, with the sole exception of the metal deck, is quite as advanced and modern as Shamrock.

For the first time in the history of yacht-racing, steel lower-masts will be used in both challenger and defender. It is rather surprising that the experiment has not been tried before, especially as they have been used with marked success in clipper ships of nearly all nations. The advantage of steel over Oregon pine for the "stick" of a racer is chiefly its superior lightness. Perhaps a ton is saved in weight. Another objection to a pine mast is the difficulty of obtaining a tree of such huge dimensions as a modern racer for the America's Cup requires. Such trees are growing less plentiful day by day, and a spar big enough and absolutely devoid of flaws is almost impossible to find. The quality of steel, however, is always to be depended on. Every plate used in the masts of Defender, Columbia and Shamrock was submitted to a crucial test. Defender was the first racing yacht to step a mast of steel. It wasn't until the innovation had been fully tried on Defender and been proved successful that it was determined to give Columbia one also. Another ton saved in weight!

AMERICAN STEEL vs. MANILA HEMP

Wooden booms over one hundred feet long and of strength and quality to stand the strain and leverage of the main sheet without "buckling" are almost as scarce as lower masts of great length. Thus steel booms as well as gaffs are carried by challenger and defender. They were first tried, in 1894, by Valkyrie III and Defender. All the standing rigging is of the finest silver-steel wire set up by twin buckles. Flexible steel wire is used wherever practicable for running rigging. The superiority of flexible wire over Manila hemp for halyards is that it does not stretch. A sail once set by means of wire halyards stays set and needs little or no "swaying up" after once being hoisted. It is only recently that wire adapted to this purpose has been manufactured. Shamrock and Columbia use it in exactly the same manner. For both vessels a special brand of exceptional strength and quality was made.

As regards blocks, both shells and sheaves are of latest model and manufacture. To reduce weight aloft, holes have been bored in the shells, but practical experiments have proved that they are strong enough to bear double the weight which under ordinary circumstances they will be forced to endure. To the yachtsman of the old school everything aloft in the way of iron work, or rather steel work (for no wrought iron is used), looks like a spider's web—especially the blocks. But the scientist realizes the careful calculation of weights and strains which animates the whole rig and has produced such results. For instance, a block that would withstand the strain of five tons when the extreme strain called for is one ton would be as superfluous aloft as the fifth wheel of a coach. The principle of closely calculating the strain likely to be endured by every part of the yacht from keel to truck has been adhered to by both Fife and Herreshoff. Sometimes things have been cut too fine, as, for instance, when the throat and peak halyard blocks of Columbia were tested and succumbed to the strain, thereby delaying her first trial sail. It is rather curious that a precisely similar mishap occurred to Shamrock in one of her spins in the Solent before her trial races with the Prince of Wales' cutter, Britannia.

Not only is there a striking similarity in the shape of the two yachts, but their construction is very much alike. The Herreshoffs learned a good lesson from the Vigilant and Defender, and they took care not to repeat the mistake which they made in the building of the hulls of those superb racers. The Vigilant was constructed of Tobin bronze below the water-line, and of steel above. The Defender's hull consisted of steel frames to which the bottom plating of bronze and the top plating of aluminum were riveted. The intimate association of different metals imperfectly insulated produced oxidation by galvanic action, and in the case of Defender necessitated costly repairs before she was fit to sail in the trial races with Columbia.

THE ANATOMY OF THE TWO RACERS

In spite of the efforts of the Herreshoffs to keep everything appertaining to the Columbia a dark secret, all the principal details of her construction are known. The errors in the material used in Defender were avoided. The frames are of steel, and the plating of the whole hull, underbody and topsides is of a peculiar preparation of bronze remarkable for its tensile strength, lightness and anti-fouling qualities. This metal is capable of high polish, and when Columbia was launched at Bristol, Rhode Island, her underbody gleamed like burnished gold in the glare of the flashlights of the adventurous photographers. The surface is as smooth as plate glass, offering the slightest resistance possible to swift gliding through the water. By all odds she is the slipperiest craft in this respect ever put together. The high polish of her plating far exceeds that of Defender, but is rivaled, I am told, by that of Shamrock. The ingenuity displayed by the designer of Columbia in combining strength and lightness throughout her whole fabric is marvelous. Of course, immense strength is necessary because of the enormous strain her hull is subjected to when sailing with racing canvas set in a stiff breeze. For be it remembered that the hull has to endure not only the pressure of the lofty sail-spread, but also of a bulb of lead weighing ninety tons affixed to her keel. It is not difficult to understand that a hull capable of withstanding such gigantic leverage as this must be very powerful. In former days, during the era of wooden walls, the ship-builder obtained his strength from immense oaken timbers from which he fashioned stem, keel, sternpost and ribs. Columbia's hull when compared with that of an old-time wooden racing craft of half a century ago would present as marked a contrast as an ancient wagon wheel to a down-to-date bicycle wheel.

The framework of the cup defender is strengthened by struts of steel most cunningly contrived to resist the strain of racing. Thus in the wake of the mast and the chain-plates some rare examples of the bridge-builder's rather than the shipwright's art are manifest.

What is true of the cup defender is also true of the challenger. The general system of construction is the same, including the steel frame and the bronze plating. When they come to be measured there will be but small difference.

THE SEA-GOING RIG OF THE IRISHMAN

For crossing the Atlantic, Shamrock was provided with what is known as a kedge rig, which means that in addition to her lower mast she was fitted with a mizzenmast. This supplementary mast was stepped for the purpose of enabling her to heave to if caught in an Atlantic gale. Vigilant, Valkyrie II and Valkyrie III were so rigged for their Atlantic voyages, and crossed without the slightest difficulty or danger. Much that is alarming as well as fatuous has been published about the Shamrock's peril in her summer passage across the western ocean. Just as if such men as Fife and Thornycroft would build a craft too frail for such a pleasant jaunt! As a matter of fact, Shamrock, when racing in a whole-sail breeze in a moderate sea, will suffer strains more intense and oppressive than she would in an Atlantic gale under jury rig. The canoelike form of the modern racing yacht as exemplified in both Columbia and Shamrock is eminently adapted for weathering the high but regular seas of the North Atlantic. Another Fife boat, to wit, the Ailsa, nearly as big as Shamrock, rode out not only with safety but comparative comfort a hurricane in the Bay of Biscay, where the sea is a seething caldron when compared with that of the Atlantic.

The trial races between the Columbia and the Defender—sailed so admirably by Mr. Butler Duncan, Jr., his professional sailing-master, Captain Rhodes, and his crew of Scandinavians—show that Columbia is the better boat of the two. What, however, is a secret of the sea is the time allowance exacted from Columbia by Defender.

Mr. John Hyslop, the official measurer of the New York Yacht Club, upon whom will devolve the duty of measuring both the Shamrock and the Columbia before they race, told me the other day that all conjectures were futile. He said that he thought both boats—Shamrock and Columbia—had been built up to the ninety-foot load-water-line limit, and that the contest would be close.

MAY THE BETTER BOAT WIN!

The two trial races which Shamrock sailed against Britannia, while though by no means serious and conclusive, showed that the new boat is considerably faster than the Prince of Wales' cutter. It is a fallacy that Britannia was not in good shape on the occasions mentioned. Reports said that her bottom was a mass of weeds and grass when she met Shamrock, but the truth is that when she sailed against the boat with the Irish name she was just fresh from dry dock and in all the glory of new copper, with Captain Carter and his expert crew in charge. Thus the victory of Shamrock over Britannia is so far significant. It meant that Britannia was doing her best—for Carter wasn't out there for fun alone. It also meant, from what I learn from my correspondents, that Shamrock on both occasions had a good deal in hand.

When we come to compare the two craft and judge them by the accompanying photographs we cannot help being struck by their marked resemblance. When they come to be officially measured there may be little to choose between them. I think, however, that Shamrock is the bigger yacht both in hull and sail area, and that she therefore will have to allow a fraction of time to the American craft.

For these reasons and several others Shamrock must be looked upon as the most dangerous opponent that has as yet come to New York in quest of the cup. She is the product of an eminent designer and an able builder. She is owned by a plucky sportsman, and is sailed by an expert crew. In a word, she is a foeman in every way worthy of our steel.

The OLD WAR HORSE of POST 888

By John Habberton

WHEN President McKinley called for volunteers to drive the Spaniards from Cuba, seventeen members of Post 888, Grand Army of the Republic, Department of New York, all of whom had been troopers, went in a body to the nearest recruiting station of the Regular Army and offered their services to the Government. For thirty years they had told their friends and one another that a soldier's life was a dog's life, and they never, never, never again would take arms except as commissioned officers—preferably Quartermasters.

An hour after the appearance of the veterans at the station the recruiting officer, who had seen a quarter-century of service but was still only a Captain of cavalry, flung himself into a chair beside the young Lieutenant, who had been detailed to assist him, dropped his head backward, and said:

"I feel like a murderer."

"Oh, Captain!"

"I really do. I suppose you've at times officiated at the last formality—the shooting of horses that have been condemned as no longer fit for service? No? Then take my advice; dodge that duty hereafter, if you can shift it upon a younger man than yourself. You're acquainted with old troop horses; they know the bugle-calls and orders quite as well as the men, and the stupidest of them are worth more, in an emergency, than several times as many new horses. They never seem to know, poor chaps, when their term of usefulness has ended, but they do know what a firing party means, and to see their wondering, appealing, reproachful eyes is——"

"Try a mouthful of this, Captain," said the Lieutenant, quickly opening a locker beside his desk. "Old memories have a peculiar way of coming to the front unexpectedly."

"No, thank you; I'd rather suffer under the circumstances. Did you chance to see that lot of old men who wanted to enlist?"

"Did I? Why, how could I help it? Old fools!"

"Not they! They were old war-horses, and good ones—every one of them. They may be a little rusty on drill, but they know just what to do in camp and field, and they are wild to do it; but of course there's no chance for them; the age limit blocks any of them by a dozen years or more. And just think of it—there are thousands and thousands of them up here, and down South, too, who are feeling the same way, and are all to be turned down in the same way, and to feel just as bad about it. It's awful! Do you wonder that the condemned line came into my mind?"

As to the seventeen members of Post 888, they retired in a body to Post Headquarters, although the date was not that of a regular meeting, and they resolved themselves into an informal lodge of sorrow. A war was impending; men had been called for, seventeen veterans had offered their services, and all had been rejected! Evidently the Government was an ass and the country was going to the dogs.

"The Captain couldn't help it," explained Straightly, the Post Chaplain. "He was awful considerate; he couldn't have been more polite if we'd been the Secretary of War. He kinder looked as if he felt as bad as we did."

"His feelin's didn't do ours any good," spluttered Dragg, the Post Commander.

"Mebbe not," replied Straightly, "but all the same we hurt 'em. 'Twasn't his fault that we went to him instead of to some fool volunteer officer; we might have known that age would bar us from the Regulars."

"We're old enough, anyhow," retorted Dragg, "not to trust ourselves to any volunteers, where we could teach the officers their business—an' none of 'em would learn."

It was soon noted by non-military acquaintances of the would-be recruits that the members of Post 888 had suddenly grown old and bad tempered, and given to sulphurous verbal explosives. The war was already a failure—according to Post 888; the Army, except for the few regulars, was to be a mob of greenhorns, officered by greenhorns, and would do no good to the suffering Cubans nor to any one else except the contractors.

Another thing was certain; when the war ended and the surviving greenhorns came home, there should be no place for them in Post 888. Perhaps the G. A. R. had been too hospitable in the past, admitting sutlers, teamsters, and all sorts of civilians who had chanced to get to the front, but for soldiers who had faced only "Dagoes" there should be no place in Post 888—probably not in any other Post, either.

The morning after the rejection of the seventeen veterans, Straightly, the Chaplain of the Post, reappeared at the recruiting station. The Captain saw him, retired to the inner room and said to the Lieutenant:

"One of those condemned war-horses has turned up again; he doesn't seem to know that he's dead. Go out and help the Sergeant to get rid of him, won't you? Hang it, this is the first time in my life that I ever skulked. Don't be rude to him."

The Lieutenant placed a thick cigar at a defiant angle to the plane of his face and went into the outer room; he soon returned with the cigar drooping; his upper eyelids drooped, too, as he said: "He won't go until he can speak to the Captain; only two minutes, he said."

The Captain squared his shoulders, set his face like a bronze cast, and advanced with the regulation form of attack expressed by the words:

"Well, my man?"

"Captain," said Straightly rapidly, "I ought to have known that I was too old to enlist, but don't you want a man to go along to take care of your horses for you? I don't want any pay for doin' it. My boys'll be glad to support the family if their dad can be out in the war somehow; they was brought up on war stories. Please don't shake your head at me that way till I get through. I was a trooper four years, and I had one horse all the time, and when the war was over he was better than when I first got him. I don't believe any of your regulars can beat that record. You officers have to pay for your own horses, so ain't I just the sort of man you need? I can bring officers' letters to prove what I say about my horse."

The Captain, whose face had been changing from bronze to putty, replied:

"The word of an old soldier who is willing to be a stable orderly for nothing is good enough for me, my man, but I'm afraid I sha'n't be allowed to go to the front. I shouldn't be on recruiting service if I weren't somewhat disabled."

"Then can't you put me on the track of some other mounted officer who is going?"

—"don't you want a man to go along to take care of your horses for you?"

"Er—I might, but 'twould do you no good, I fear. The Regular Army won't have civilians with it on a campaign when there is any way of avoiding it. Why don't you join a volunteer regiment? You don't look any older than some men who are in the service."

"What? Me? A veteran—to be bossed by upstarts of volunteer officers? No, sir—not for Straightly."

"Certainly not; 'twas very stupid of me to suggest it. Well, my man, you have my sympathy, for, as I told you, I'm afraid I, too, shall be kept out of the campaign, though I'm longing to get there. But I'm hoping; you must try to do the same. Good luck to you."

"Thank you, Captain," said Straightly, turning away slowly and sadly.

Within a few days Post 888 was shocked and scandalized at learning that Straightly was trying to get a place as an Army teamster—a mere mule-driver. Useful though the teamster is, in his place, the man himself is regarded, by the average soldier, as a mere nonentity. So disgusted was the Post with Straightly's attempt at self-degradation that there was some talk of expelling the wretch at once, but Dragg, the Post Commander, counseled delay until the offense could be proved and the offender be given an opportunity to say why sentence should not be pronounced.

Applications for mule teams were about as numerous as candidates for Quartermasters' commissions, so Straightly made his way Southward, with the single idea of getting as close to Cuba as possible, and trusting to luck for a chance to reach the island himself. After weeks of wasted endeavors of various kinds he succeeded in shipping as one of the crew of a transport, and in enduring several days of seasickness, also much bad treatment by the ship's officers, all of whom found him utterly worthless for any work on board. At unloading stores, however, he proved very efficient, and one night he succeeded in unloading himself also with a boatload that was going ashore.

At last! He had seen new places of disembarkation in the old war, and he knew their ways. He had a blue shirt, blue jean trousers, a brown hat, an active imagination, and a ready tongue. The Government had sent some raw officers to places where trained men should have been, and consequently there was much confusion, amid which Straightly bided his time and endured much starving, soaking, scorching and shivering. Finally he got down to volunteering as assistant to the field and staff cooks of a volunteer regiment. He knew more about field cookery than his superiors, so he was permitted to do most of the work; but never mind, business was business.

One day he heard much firing while he was browning a pan of hash; half an hour later the field and staff were munching dry bread and cursing their cooks proper, while Straightly was making a rapid forced march to the left, in the direction of the firing. He had no arms, but any old soldier knows the ways of a battle-field. The firing grew louder; Straightly quickened his pace, and finally emerged from a mass of chaparral just in time to see a lot of soldiers advancing as skirmishers, in a crouching position. What? short guns? carbines? Hurrah! They were cavalry; dismounted, it was true, but nevertheless cavalry.

Straightly, though badly winded, hurried after them, looking rapidly from right to left and from left to right again for his chance.

Suddenly a soldier straightened, dropped his carbine and fell backward like a log. In an instant Straightly was beside him, seizing the carbine and pocketing cartridges from the dead man's belt; then he hurried forward. Many times had he begged Regulars for permission to look at their rifles, which were very unlike those of the Civil War; he had studied their mechanism, asked about their range, all in preparation for this hour for which he had hoped, so now he knew what to do.

By this time the troops were hurrying forward at a strange, Indian-like stride that was new to Straightly; so he copied it to the best of his ability. But he was too excited to be a good listener; he had forgotten the old bugle-calls, and knew no new ones; he did not hear orders, and at least once he found himself far in advance of his companions.

"Who is that man?" asked a Captain in front of whose line Straightly crouched during a temporary rest.

"I don't know, sir," replied the orderly Sergeant; "he doesn't belong to this troop. I think he's lost his place, somehow, in coming through the chaparral. He doesn't look as if he belonged to our battalion, sir."

"Yes, he does. I remember his face. I suspect he's one of the recruits we picked up in New York."

"Quite likely, sir. Good stuff for a recruit, sir. He fires like an old hand—takes long aim."

Again there was a rush, and yet again; later there were several of them, and finally the battalion, with a yell, cleared the Spanish trenches in front of them and dropped to rest.

Soon the Captain ordered a roll-call to learn how many men were missing. Straightly, who lay on the ground caressing his carbine, did not answer to any name.

"What's your name and troop, my man?"

The stranger got upon his feet, saluted, and replied:

"Straightly; Troop C, sir."

"Oh, no," said the Captain with a frown; "this is Troop C, and we've no man of that name. What's your regiment?"

"Fifth New York Cavalry, sir." Again the Captain frowned as he said:

"So brave a soldier as you should also be truthful. Where and when did you enlist?"

"New York, in 1861, sir."

The Captain looked at his First Sergeant, who tapped his forehead significantly and said in an undertone:

"Guess the sun's gone to his head, sir."

The Captain exclaimed: "Attention, my man! Pull yourself together! Look me in the eye! What's the matter with you? Where have I seen you before?"

Straightly stared long and keenly at the Capain; then he saluted again and replied:

"At the recruiting station in New York, sir, where I wanted you to take me along for nothin' to take care of your horses. I've thought of you hundreds of times since, an' hoped you'd get here. You done it, too, didn't you? Well, so did I."

"Ah! Now I place you. But how did you get with us to-day? Where did you come from?"

Straightly's eyes began to wander; he again caressed his carbine and replied in an absent-minded manner:

"From Big Bethel, Yorktown, Hanover Courthouse, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mills, Peach Orchard, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Gainesville, Second Bull Run, Antietam—ah!"

Then he fell in a heap.

"Water!" shouted the Captain. "Stand around him, men; keep the sun from him."

Under the military treatment customary on such occasions Straightly soon revived. Slowly he raised himself and looked about him until he saw the Captain, then he said:

"You won't send me back, Captain, will you? I'm all right. 'Tain't 'cause I'm a little older than some, but I'd run about two mile when I come up with your regiment, an' I guess I was petered out. Please don't send me back!"

"I can't very well do it," said the Captain, "as I don't know where you belong. You've no figures on your hat; it looks to me as if you'd been having trouble in your regiment and was afraid to return. If I'm right about it, I promise you that I'll go back in person with you and tell your officers how well you've fought to-day; that ought to clear you of anything that isn't very serious."

"I don't belong to any regiment, Captain," replied Straightly, telling rapidly of his experiences since he had left New York, and concluding with:

"I've been 'niggerin'' for some cooks of a volunteer regiment, just for a chance to get near the front. I'd rather nigger for yours, if you'll let me."

"What? A veteran assisting cooks? I can't allow it. See here; I'll give you a line to a friend of mine in Roosevelt's regiment; they seem to be still recruiting, and they'd accept a man as old as Methuselah, I believe, if he knew how to fight. I don't blame them either. I wish there was something else I could do for you."

"I'd like to have this. It seems like an old friend, an'——"

Straightly looked about the ground near him, picked up the carbine which he had dropped, and said timidly:

"I'd like to have this. It seems like an old friend, an'——"

"Take it along; they'll probably issue you one just like it, which you may send to me if you can. You're welcome to remain with us, however, till the day's work is over."

"Thank you, sir," said the Captain's own First Sergeant, and a murmur of "Thank you, sir," went through the troop.

The day's work was already over, so far as fighting was concerned, so the fifty or more members of Troop C listened for hours to stories—the entire collection of Post 888—of a war which ended before most of the hearers were born. Before sunset Straightly was started toward the Rough Riders' camp with a note as follows:

"This veteran of the Civil War wants to enlist, and you're a fool if you don't take him, for he fights like the devil."

From time to time strange rumors reached Post 888 of the doings of its absent Chaplain, but as the members had told

war stories themselves for a third of a century they were not quick to believe all they heard. Besides, jealousy is a not uncommon vice among veterans, as Straightly's sons discovered when they read to some members of the Post their father's letters from the front.

One night, long after the war was over except in the Philippines, the members of Post 888, after the proceedings of the regular meeting had concluded, settled themselves to the absorption of crackers, cheese, tobacco smoke, reminiscences and general conversation. Many volunteer regiments had returned and been mustered out, but none of their members had applied to Post 888 for admission—a fact which was disappointing to the veterans, who had counted on the pleasure of "turning down" such probable aspirants.

What did it mean? Were the soldiers of the old, great war forgotten and ignored, even by a lot of youngsters who had—well, they had at least seen enough of camp and field to be able to imagine what other men had endured in four years' service. The more the veterans talked the matter over the more dismal they felt.

Suddenly there appeared before them two apparitions; one was a cavalry Captain in fatigue uniform of perfect fit and neatness, while the other was a man in a suit and a swagger such as no member of the Post had seen in the long years from 1861 to 1865 inclusive. The swaggerer carried a carbine and wore a belt full of cartridges, and he tossed a shocking hat to the ceiling and twirled the carbine as if it had been a shillalah, and he emitted an appalling yell, after which Post Commander Dragg exclaimed:

"Hornswoggle me, if it ain't Straightly!"

"Correct!" responded the swaggerer. "Post 888, I want to introduce an old acquaintance of all of you—the cavalry Captain who turned us down more than a year ago, when we tried to enlist in the Regulars."

The Captain was a brave man, yet he trembled, for all the members frowned. But the Captain was a Regular, and all veterans adore Regulars, so in an instant the Captain was offered his choice of all the chairs in the room, and also of seven different glasses, several freshly filled pipes and two cigars, while the swaggerer said:

"I've heard that you fellows don't take any stock in the story that I got down to Cuba an' into the fightin', so I've kept out of sight till the Captain could reach New York, an' come in here with me an' back me up."

"Let her go, Gallagher—I mean Straightly," said Post Commander Dragg.

"Well, you see, it was this way. I——"

"If you'll pardon me, gentlemen," said the Captain, "perhaps I can give your honored member a fair start by telling you of his first fight, all of which I saw."

Every one but Straightly made haste to be seated, and the Captain began the first entirely new war story to which Post 888 ever listened. It was a well-told story, too, but as it progressed Straightly himself took a seat, and then another, farther from the centre, and finally he got into a corner and dropped his head. He had expected a word or two of praise before his old comrades from the Captain, but really, as he expressed it afterward, "the Captain plastered it on and then pounded it in."

AT LEAST ONCE HE FOUND HIMSELF FAR IN ADVANCE OF HIS COMPANIONS

"When the fight was over," said the Captain, approaching the end of his story, "and I asked him where he came from, he said—let me see—what was it you said, Straightly?"

The crouching figure arose, saluted and replied:

"From Big Bethel, Yorktown, Hanover Courthouse, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mills, Peach Orchard, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Gainesville, Second Bull Run, Antietam——"

"Hooray!" shouted another survivor of Straightly's old regiment. "All of them battles is on our old regimental colors, an' Antietam is where he got wounded."

"Thank you," said the Captain. "I had very little chance to see him after he enlisted in the Rough Riders, but I asked about him, and his Captain spoke of him very handsomely; and when I told how a lot of you old troopers almost broke my heart one day by wishing to enlist in the Regulars, when the age-limit kept me from accepting you, he said he wished I'd shipped every one of you down to him."

Then Post 888 arose and yelled like a whole tribe of savages in war paint, and some one started the song, "We'll Rally Round the Flag," and all the others joined in.

Suddenly Post Commander Dragg called his men to order, and a special meeting was held, and no one protested against the irregularity of the proceeding, or the presence of a non-member, or the election of the Captain to honorary membership. And later, when all glasses were filled, the new member begged the honor of proposing a toast:

"Here's to all the old war-horses, North and South; like singed cats, they can fight far better than they look."

The REWARD OF THE SOLDIER

By

JOSEPH WHEELER

Major General Volunteers U.S.A.

THE military profession is one that carries with it the certainty of hardships of the most trying character, with only the merest possibilities of winning any high reward. Of the hundreds of thousands who enter the profession, many of whom have all the qualifications for brilliant success, only very few have the good fortune to be so situated as to have these qualities brought into great prominence. The profession has, however, many fascinations even for officers who do not win great distinction, and the pride, adventure and excitement pertaining to it are pleasant in the extreme to one of an active, ambitious temperament.

A young man who looks forward to following any calling in life begins by investigating the ways and means by which he is to qualify himself and obtain the first foothold for the upward climb. Should he aspire to one of the great civil professions, such as law or medicine, he finds the well-defined avenues of the collegiate and professional course; but should he aspire to the profession of arms, he finds that the officers of the Army are appointed in three ways: first, from the graduates of the United States Military Academy; second, from the number of soldiers who have served with distinction in the ranks; and third, from civil life. In each of these three ways there enters an element of uncertainty greater by far than with any other calling, and this of itself tends to put a distinct stamp upon those who attain the desired end and become officers of the Army.

THE LOVE OF THE SERVICE

Having obtained his commission through any of these three channels, the young officer has no prospect of wealth; but he can look forward to attaining reasonable rank and pay, and thus enable himself to devote his life to rendering faithful service to the Government. His duties take him to various parts of the country, and sometimes out of it, and he thus becomes nationalized and freed from narrowness. The emoluments of his position are not sufficient of themselves to attract or hold the best talent, but pride in the profession and love of the country and of the service keep many men, in the Army who could attain great success in other walks of life.

Among our most successful soldiers we find principally the trained graduates of the military academy and those few whom Fate has gifted with such wonderful natural ability that they are bound to succeed in anything, and to whom the circumstances of war have given the opportunity of developing military talent. Instances of this kind have been cited to depreciate the value of military training and education, but the idea is a mistaken one, for great as these men undoubtedly were, they would have been greater yet had they been trained from the first.

In this connection the great Washington said in his last message to Congress:

> "Whatever arguments may be drawn from particular examples, superficially viewed, a thorough examination of the subject will evince that the art of war is both comprehensive and complicated; that it demands much previous study, and the possession of it, in its most improved and perfect state, is always of great moment to the security of a nation."

General Cullum, in the introduction to his Early History of the Military Academy, gives similar testimony. He says:

> "Military education in schools or in the field has been deemed essential to the success of arms in all civilized nations, from the days of the early Greeks to the last decade of the nineteenth century. No truth is better supported by history than that victory, *ceteris paribus*, will perch upon the standards of those armies having the best instructed and most experienced officers. Education in the field being a luxury too expensive in blood and treasure for the safe reliance of a nation, military schools were long since established in all the countries of Europe, and the dear-bought experience of our Revolution proved the indispensable necessity of one in the United States."

In the same book we find the following quotation from Secretary James G. Blaine's Twenty Years in Congress:

> "The value of strict military training was shown, during the rebellion of the seceding States, by the superior prominence attained in proportion to their numbers by the officers who had been educated at the West Point Military Academy. The wisdom of maintaining that institution was abundantly vindicated by the results of the war."

Surely such tributes as these amply justify the pride of our soldiers in their profession. I give below a brief mention of the number of men in our Army at various times, and some of the great names associated with it.

FIGHTING MEN WHO TURNED TO STATECRAFT

The highest number of men enrolled in our Army during the Revolutionary War was 89,761. In the War of 1812 we raised a regular force of 38,186, and a militia force of 471,622. In the Mexican War the total force raised, of regulars and volunteers, amounted to 101,282; and during the War of 1861-'65 the volunteers furnished were 2,859,132, colored troops 186,017, and the regulars 39,273, making the entire number of men enrolled in the military service of the United States, during periods of war, about 4,000,000.

Of these, ten afterward became Presidents of the United States, namely: Washington, Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison and McKinley. Other distinguished military men were nominated by one or another of the great parties, but were not successful in the election. Among these were Jackson, who was defeated in 1824, but was elected in 1828 and 1832; Harrison, who was defeated in 1836, but was elected in 1840; Cass, who was defeated by Taylor in 1848; Scott, who was defeated by Pierce in 1852; Fremont, who had been Lieutenant-Colonel, defeated by Buchanan in 1856; J. C. Breckinridge, defeated by Lincoln in 1860; McClellan, defeated by Lincoln in 1864; Hancock, defeated by Garfield in 1880, and Harrison, defeated by Cleveland in 1892.

Other officers who had served in the Army were candidates, namely: Armstrong, Lincoln, Burr, John Floyd, B. Gratz Brown, Green Clay Smith, James B. Weaver and Benjamin Butler. Most of the successful candidates owed their elevation to their military record, and the same may be said, to a great extent, with regard to the prominence attained by others. Probably twenty of the Generals of our Army earned what might be called world-wide distinction, and some two hundred, enviable national distinction.

There have been many other great rewards outside of politics, for the system and the discipline of the soldier have been qualities which have been of the highest usefulness when applied to great business undertakings. Many officers have achieved wealth and distinction at the head of engineering enterprises or in the management of companies and syndicates. While these were not so great in public honor, possibly, as the political successes, the soldier's qualities have meant much in a material sense.

THE SUCCESSORS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

Washington was the Commander of the Army during the entire period of the Revolutionary War, and was again Commander at the time of the anticipated trouble with France from July 13, 1798, until his death, December 14, 1799. The other Commanders of the United States Army were as follows:

Josiah Harmar, September 29, 1789, to March 4, 1790;
Arthur St. Clair, March 4, 1791, to March 5, 1792;
Anthony Wayne, April 13, 1792, to December 15, 1796;
James Wilkinson, December 15, 1796, to July 13, 1798;
George Washington, July 13, 1798, to December 14, 1799;
*Alex. Hamilton, December 15, 1799, to June 15, 1800;
*James Wilkinson, June 15, 1800, to January 27, 1812;
*Henry Dearborn, January 27, 1812, to June 15, 1815;
Jacob Brown, June 1, 1821, to February 24, 1828;
Alexander Macomb, May 29, 1828, to June 25, 1841;
†Winfield Scott, July 5, 1841, to November 1, 1861;
George B. McClellan, November 1, 1861, to March 11, 1862;
Henry W. Halleck, July 23, 1862, to March 9, 1864;
Ulysses S. Grant, March 9, 1864, to March 4, 1869;
William T. Sherman, March 8, 1869, to November 1, 1883;
Philip H. Sheridan, November 1, 1883, to August 5, 1888;
John M. Schofield, August 14, 1888, to September 29, 1895;
Nelson A. Miles, September 29, 1895, to date.

*From the date of General Washington's death, December 14, 1799, to June 1, 1821, when General Brown assumed command, there was no general officer charged with the immediate command of the Army. During this period the President, through the War Department, had command of the Army. In the above list, however, the senior officer of the Army, covering that period, is here shown.

†General Scott left for Mexico November 24, 1846, and during his absence in that country had no control of the Army not included within his territory. Upon his return, in 1848, he was assigned command of the Eastern Division, General Order 49, Adjutant-General's Orders, August 31, 1848. He resumed command of the Army May 11, 1849 in pursuance of General Order 27, Adjutant-General's Orders, May 10, 1849.

Paper Number Two: HIS LIFE DRAMA

I LEFT my home at Atchison the evening of June 30, 1881, to deliver the annual commencement address at Williams College.

President Garfield, the most distinguished graduate, was to be present, to celebrate with his classmates the twenty-fifth anniversary of their graduation.

Alighting from the train at Rochester, New York, Saturday morning, I heard with incredulity the rumor of his assassination just as he was starting on his journey for the hills of Berkshire.

The last time I saw him alive, just at the close of the special session of the Senate, he alluded to the pleasure with which he anticipated this visit, and to the grateful sympathy and help he had received from his college friends. Indeed he always felt and manifested a peculiar interest in his alma mater and in President Hopkins, whom he regarded as the greatest and wisest instructor of the century. "A pine log," he said, "with the student at one end and Doctor Hopkins at the other, would be a liberal education."

Garfield touched life at more points than most men. There was no company in which he could be wholly a stranger, nor any man, however low, or however lofty, in whom he could not find something in common, so that he was never isolated nor detached from his associates at any stage of his pathway, from the rude hut of his nativity, in the clearing of the Ohio forest, to the fatal eminence from which he was borne to his grave.

His imagination was very active. He was fond of poetry, music, sculpture, painting, the drama and the classics. He believed in signs, omens, portends and prodigies. He dwelt on coincidences and anniversaries, and, during the pendency of the troubles that disturbed the early months of his administration, I heard him allude, half in jest and half in earnest, to the fact that his inauguration occurred on Friday, in explanation of the complexities of fate.

MR. GARFIELD UNTROUBLED BY PREMONITIONS

Being aware of this superstitious tendency, I was interested to know if he felt any premonition of the calamity that was lying in wait for him the morning of his assassination. Meeting Mr. Blaine, at the funeral at Cleveland, with whom he rode to the Pennsylvania station to take the train, I asked him if there was anything in the mood or conversation of the President, as they rode down the avenue in his carriage, that indicated any shadowy apprehension of the tragedy that was so soon to culminate.

On the contrary, Mr. Blaine said that during the twenty years of their acquaintance he had never seen the President exhibit such unrestrained exuberance of almost boyish happiness, such high animal spirits, as in that hour. His mother and his wife had just convalesced. The storms that had darkened his political horizon had cleared. His enemies were baffled. He was to visit Williams and recall the splendid associations of youth. This was to be followed by a tour through New England for which great preparations had been made. Then he intended to journey to Ohio and pass his summer vacation at Mentor, in the broad, free, natural life in the country home which he had so long labored to secure. His own health, which had been shaken by strain and stress, was established. His mind was full of great plans for future work. He intended to visit Yorktown and make an historical speech that should fitly commemorate the centennial of the American revolution. On the anniversary of Chickamauga he had planned to attend the reunion of his old Army comrades. He had been invited to be present at the Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, where it was his purpose to deliver an oration that would be notable as a disclosure of his views on the race question and his intentions toward the South. He had spoken of all these things to Mr. Blaine, and was repeating some paragraphs he had already written for the speech at Atlanta, when the carriage stopped at the door above whose lintel was inscribed for him, invisibly, the legend written over the gate of the Inferno:

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate."

A silver star let into the floor of the waiting-room long marked the spot where he fell. A tablet of marble in the opposite wall bore his name in letters of gold.

Thither through all his wanderings his footsteps had tended. This was his goal. Every man, says Hugo, is the centre of a circle whose fatal circumference he cannot pass. Within, he lives; beyond, he perishes.

THE PRESIDENT'S HOLD ON THE NATION'S LOVE

But as no public man, whatever his powers, can greatly succeed unless identified with some idea, purpose or conviction existing in the minds of the people, so in this respect Garfield was most fortunate. His life was a strenuous protest against injustice. He was an apostle for liberty of conscience, liberty of action and liberty of thought. He had mastered the statistics and enlarged the boundaries of freedom. The public honor, faith and credit were as valuable to him as his own, and he labored without ceasing that the creed of human rights should not be an empty formula, nor the brotherhood of man a mocking dream.

Life abounds in tragic mysteries and we are not authorized to ask a vindication of the decrees of fate, but the termination of Garfield's career seems an insoluble problem. Adequate motive and intelligible object both are absent, and as it had been determined that no element of horror should be wanting, there was the agony of prolonged dissolution, the incapacity and wrangles of blundering surgeons, the lying bulletins, the appalling revelations of the autopsy, the frightful distortion which compelled the premature seclusion of the remains, and, as the crowning climax of atrocities, the revolting and blasphemous ravings of the assassin, which made his trial for an unprovoked and brutal murder a most humiliating burlesque upon the administration of justice.

Passing the city building in Washington one morning while the trial of Guiteau was on, I made my way into the crowded court-room by the courtesy of the Marshal. The execrable criminal interrupted the counsel and the witnesses at every sentence with the foulest vituperation unrebuked, the greedy audience greeting with brutal laughter the volleys of obscene and profane invective with which he assailed the prosecution and the defense.

AN ALIEN AMONG OUTCASTS

Such a revelation of mental and moral deformity has seldom been made. Not one good deed nor any generous impulse marred the harmonious and symmetrical infamy of the life of the wretched malefactor. He was insane, as the tiger and the cobra are insane. He stands detached from mankind in eternal isolation as the one human being without a virtue, and without an apologist, a defender or a friend. Even among the basest he had no comrade. There was no society in which he would not be a stranger. He was the one felon whom no lawyer could protect, no jury acquit, for he was condemned in that forum from whose verdict there is neither exculpation nor appeal. He must be an alien in hell.

The world has no more conspicuous illustration of the truth that nothing is so unprofitable as wickedness. The thief robs himself. The adulterer pollutes himself. The murderer inflicts a deeper wound upon himself than that which kills his victim. Behind every criminal in the universe, silent but relentless stands, with uplifted blade, the shadow of vengeance and retribution.

Happening to be in Washington on public business when the tragedy closed by the death of the President at Elberon, I was designated by the Vice-President as one of the Senate Committee to receive the remains at the Capitol and attend the funeral at Cleveland.

THE CEREMONIES IN THE ROTUNDA

The procession reached the east door of the Rotunda just at the close of a bright, still September day. A military escort, with arms reversed and trailing banners, deployed upon the plaza. From the brazen tubes that were wont to blow martial sounds, reverberating along the marble colonades, floated the strains of the Sweet By and By and Nearer, My God, to Thee, lost in the dim and glowing sky.

The dead Commander-in-Chief was borne by soldiers up the stairway, past the very place where, six brief months before, he had taken the oath of office, delivered his inaugural, and turned to kiss his wife and mother, amid the hoarse salutations of thundering batteries, and the tumultuous acclaim of an uncounted multitude.

The bearers were followed into the Rotunda by Vice-President Arthur, the Cabinet and the Committees, all other spectators being excluded. As the casket was placed upon the same catafalque that had borne the coffin of Lincoln, the last rays of the setting sun streamed through the golden haze along the low horizon above the hills of Arlington and filled the upper portion of the dome, above the still unfinished frescoes of Brumidi, with vanishing radiance, while the sombre shadows of twilight had already settled upon the silent group below.

THE MOURNING OF THE NATION

The lid was laid back, and the official procession, led by Arthur, every inch a King, arm in arm with Blaine, pallid and haggard, who looked as if, with Mark Antony, he might have said:

"Bear with me!
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me,"

marched slowly eastward, and departed.

The desolating agony and torture of the hand-to-hand battle with death were depicted upon the wasted and distorted features of the martyr.

One spectator, after looking an instant at the awful mask, sank groaning upon his knees, with his face in his hands, as if to shut out from his brain the image of ghastly horror.

The unending file of visitors was then admitted, and, from Wednesday till Friday noon, hundreds of thousands passed silently between the guards, with mingled grief for the victim and execration for the murderer.

The Rotunda was then cleared and closed, the vast floor covered with seats for the final exercises, and at midday the widow and orphans passed alone into the great vaulted chamber, and, without attendants or witnesses, took their last farewell of him who to them had been not ruler or magistrate or hero, but husband, father, companion and friend.

History, it seems to me, contains no more dramatic incident than that closing interview. The place, the occasion, the actors, the accessories, were in the last degree imposing and pathetic, and will be a theme for the artist so long as the heart has passions and life has woes. And it was specially creditable to humanity that when it was announced that Mrs. Garfield and the family were in the Capitol, and desired to be alone for a brief space with the dead, the crowds that were struggling for admission and impatient at delay, simultaneously withdrew and disappeared, respecting her sorrow as if it had been their own.

THE CLOSING SCENES OF THE TRAGEDY

The scene later in the afternoon, in the Rotunda at the closing ceremonies, was impressive beyond precedent.

For the first time in the annals of national bereavement formal solemnities were observed in the presence of a seated audience beneath the dome.

For the moment dissensions seemed to have been allayed, and the chiefs of contending factions were reconciled in the presence of an unexampled calamity. All realized that Garfield's death was the direct result of the infuriated passions of ambitious leaders fighting selfishly for the possession of power and the gratification of revenge.

By the catafalque sat the new President, chief beneficiary of Guiteau's bullet; recipient of the main prize in what Edmunds called the "lottery of assassination." He represented the complete restoration and ascendency of that faction in his party that seemed to have been hopelessly defeated at Chicago. Time's whirligig for him had revolved swiftly. Near by were the Cabinet ministers, their dreams of power, their plans of aggrandizement about to be entombed with their dead chieftain.

Across the space was Grant, his impassive, resolute, sphinxlike face bent forward, intently pensive, as though inwardly meditating upon the strange mutation by which the man who snatched from his grasp the coveted prize of a third nomination, so nearly won, now lay in cold obstruction and everlasting silence, where ambition could no longer inspire nor glory thrill.

THE LAST HOMAGE OF THE LIVING

Elbow to elbow with him was his successor, Hayes, weakest of Presidents, whose indistinguishable term already seemed like a hiatus in history. Farther on were Sherman the Soldier and Sherman the Senator, whose candidacy for the Presidency Garfield had been chosen as the delegate to present and espouse, and Sheridan, the victor of Winchester, and a great host of heroes and statesmen such as had seldom assembled around the unconscious dust of an American citizen.

As evening fell the remains were taken to the waiting car with military and civic escort, the strains of triumphal music, the accent of minute guns, for their last journey. Draped in black, the train moved westward through the night. At every station and along the line were reverent throngs of mourners. Upon one platform I recall a long file of men, the members of a Grand Army Post, upon their knees with uncovered heads as the train passed by.

During the night the blaze of bonfires at road crossings disclosed groups of watchers in cabin doors and windows and on the adjacent hills.

In the gray twilight of morning the bells of Pittsburgh tolled continuously with sullen clangor as we slowly moved through the sombre city.

Arriving at Cleveland about noon, the casket was transferred to a stately pavilion in an open space in the midst of the town, where it remained till Monday, illuminated at night by the blaze of electric lights, and guarded by his companions-in-arms, who stood like sleepless sentinels at the outposts of death.

The pageant on the day of the burial was indescribable. The cessation of business, the dense blackness of the festoons of drapery, the stillness and awe of the spectators, the multitudes so immense that they became impersonal, and conveyed only the idea of numbers, mass and volume, like the leaves of a forest or the sands of the sea; the lofty hearse with its twelve led horses completely caparisoned in black, with silver fringes sweeping the ground; the dirges of bands and bells, all contributed to a spectacle that can neither be described nor forgotten.

THE IRONY OF GARFIELD'S FATE

But as if the malignant fate that had pursued him with such unrelenting and inexorable cruelty from the day of his elevation had not yet exhausted its fury, so that even in death he was to be denied the peaceful honors that are given to the humblest who die, long before the last resting-place by the lake was reached a violent tempest of rain and wind burst suddenly from the sky, before whose ungovernable rage the procession dispersed and the multitudes vanished, so that the closing rites were hastily solemnized in the presence of a few witnesses in darkness, gloom and desolation.

And so closed the tragedy whose incidents for eighty days three hundred millions of the human race had watched with sleepless solicitude, and for whose stay an uninterrupted appeal of unavailing prayers had besieged the throne of God; a tragedy which taught, as it was never taught before, the vanity of fame, the emptiness of honor, the mutability of pride and ambition.

The day before his death, after looking for a while in silence upon the sea, he said to his friend and classmate, Colonel Rockwell:

"Do you think my name will have a place in history?"

"Yes," was the reply, "a grand one, but a grander place in the hearts of the people. But you must not dwell on such thoughts. You have a great work yet to perform."

After a brief pause the sufferer whispered in accents almost inaudible:

"No; my work is done!"

A few hours later the mournful prediction was fulfilled. He exclaimed suddenly, "Oh, Swaim, that pain! that pain!" In another instant his eyes closed, and Garfield took his seat in the parliament of the skies.

Editor's Note—In ex-Senator John J. Ingalls' series of political reminiscences this is the second of two papers on Garfield—the Man of the People. Number one appeared in the issue of August 26.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are making HISTORY

A Summer of Peace Among the Nations and a Season of Prosperity in the United States

Never has the world passed through a more satisfactory summer, and the benefits and delights make glad the prospects of autumn. With slight exceptions there has been peace everywhere. Our difficulties in the Philippines, while exasperating and costly, do not amount to a real war, and Secretary Root declares that with the coming of the dry season there will be on hand 50,000 good American troops, fully equipped to clean up the fag ends of the insurrection and plant the American flag over all the islands. Our Southern neighbor, Mexico, has a few more troubles with the Yaquis, but it is an old story with Mexico, which will be able to handle the situation by mere force of numbers.

With these two exceptions, the situation is almost as quiet as any peace conference could desire. There are problems, of course. The Venezuelan Court at Paris has been trying one, and another is proceeding calmly between the United States and Great Britain, in spite of the ardor of Canadian statesmen, who are naturally doing all they can to get a tidewater port along the Alaskan coast. Rather more picturesque than either of these is the South African question, and it is amusing to note how the accomplished statesmen and diplomatists, with all their skill and nerve and all the resources of British Government behind them, catch up when they run against the rugged Dutch President, who excited the ridicule of the great for refusing to look at ladies in evening dress, and who, at a notable function, pulled off his boots because his feet were tired.

The Golden Age of Rapid Transportation

Instead of great wars the world is occupied with great undertakings. Some philosophers hold that all energy must have a safety-valve—it may be a bull-fight in Spain, or a game of baseball in America—and at times the steam gets so high that it blows out in a big war between nations; but they say that in the results the race always gains something. This view is not by any means accepted by every one, but whether it contains truth or not there can be no doubt that the world's energy now is finding all the outlet it needs in the wonderful problems of industry and capital.

A rail from Paris to Peking is one of the latest promises, and an American syndicate is behind the scheme. Russia is steadily shoving her great railroad across Siberia to the Pacific. "In Gordon's time it took twenty-five days to go from Cairo to Khartum," said Lord Kitchener in a recent speech. "Now you can go quite easily in five days, and I hope when the Soudan railway is opened it will be even less. By means of the railway to Khartum we have attached the trade of South Africa." He added that the English now have running a telegraph wire 450 miles up the Blue Nile to the frontiers of Abyssinia. Thus from North Africa the rails and the wires are stretched southward, and from South Africa they are stretching northward, and the Dark Continent has not only been opened, but is being modernized. We hear more all the time about a great railway down the length of South America, and plans for an all-rail route to the Klondike are familiar.

On the sea the era of bigness has found its realization in ships that can carry 20,000 tons, and the leviathans now building in this country and Europe could, when finished, take the whole population of a small city across the ocean with all the comforts of a hotel. A scheme in Great Britain is a tunnel under the Irish Sea, and it is backed by serious and responsible men. A promised revolution in America is the banishment of the trolley and rails from the streets. Hundreds of millions of capital are ready for this, and the incorporations have been made. It will require time, of course, just as it did to supplant the old horse car, but when money takes the place of mere prophecy in such a transaction the work begins. Then after the trackless street car we may look for the flying machine.

More Money Than Ever, and Yet Still More is Needed

In the United States we view the interesting condition of having the largest amount of money in actual circulation in the history of the Government, and with it the cry that more money is needed. And so it is. The wonderful industrial activity in the country is absorbing every penny it can get. Dollars are turning as rapidly as the wheels, and the more dollars there are the more wheels there will be to turn.

It will be recalled that when Mr. John G. Carlyle was Secretary of the Treasury the gold reserve was so reduced—it got down to $65,000,000, when the intention was never to let it get below $100,000,000—that he felt obliged to suspend the issue of currency gold certificates. But gradually a returning prosperity began to fill the Treasury with gold. This has increased until the amount in the Treasury rose this summer to nearly $250,000,000, or $150,000,000 more than necessary to sustain the redeemable currency. Much of this money is wanted in circulation, and thus the demand for the issue of gold certificates, by which it could be made available to the industry of the land.

Another interesting proof of the financial strength of the country is the fact that Mexico, which had hitherto dealt with European bankers, floated its loan of $110,000,000 in New York. It is now plain that New York has become the financial centre of the world. Even Chicago admits this supereminence, but placidly adds that the financial centre is steadily moving Westward. Possibly it was to illustrate this that Chicago bankers, in a recent sale of New York municipal bonds, captured the whole issue in the face of New York competition. Chicago enjoyed this coup immensely.

The Gathering of the Veterans

THE Thirty-third National Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held in Philadelphia, beginning on September 4 and continuing until September 9. It is confidently believed that it will be one of the largest in the history of the order.

Many causes lead up to this conclusion. The city of Philadelphia presents attractions of a patriotic and historic character that would be sufficient to attract great crowds within its hospitable gates. The country generally is in an unusually prosperous condition. Railroad rates will be most favorable and within the limits of the most modest purse. Perhaps never again will so favorable an opportunity be presented to the members of the G. A. R., their families and friends, to visit the many battle-fields in Pennsylvania, New York, Washington and Virginia.

Many of the veterans who fought on the field at Gettysburg are still living, and though scattered throughout the country, they will be eager to revisit the scenes of that memorable battle. Its beautiful cemetery and magnificent monuments, its museum of interesting relics found upon the battle-field, Seminary Ridge, Cemetery Hill, Devil's Den, Round Top, and other points of interest, each with its own peculiar history of heroism and bravery, is fascinating to even the indifferent visitor. How much more so to the men who braved death upon its historic field, who will bring wives and children to view this sacred spot? These are but few of the many attractions that will impel men to lay aside the every-day avocations to swell the great throng who will soon overflow the streets of the City of Brotherly Love.

The Grand Army of the Republic is a unique one. It has no predecessor, and can have no successor. Its membership now numbers about 300,000. While its numbers are being constantly diminished by death, its ranks can never be filled by new recruits, its existence can never be perpetuated.

It is not a pleasant thought, and it seems almost impossible to realize, that the vast Army that shall so soon assemble together in Philadelphia will perhaps in only a score of years have answered the last roll-call and joined the unseen legions on the Eternal Camping-Ground; and so the veterans must make the most of the time that still remains.

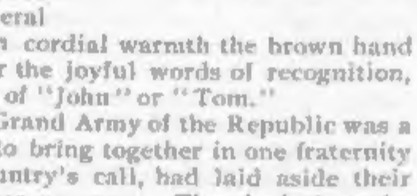
The present generation cannot understand the strong ties that bind together these old heroes of the Civil War, and look with amazement as they see the great statesman, general or civic magnate grasp with cordial warmth the brown hand of the son of toil, and hear the joyful words of recognition, and the old familiar names of "John" or "Tom."

GEN. W. C. JOHNSON
SENIOR VICE-COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

The organization of the Grand Army of the Republic was a grand conception. It was to bring together in one fraternity all those who, at their country's call, had laid aside their peaceful avocations and taken up arms. They had given the best days of their young manhood; they had jeopardized life, health, fortune, and rich promises of the future to preserve the unity of the nation. They left home and kindred and all they counted most dear, and in many weary marches, on many battle-fields braved disease and exposure, suffered from wounds, hunger, cold, privation and dangers, and dared death that their country might live.

At the close of the war many were left maimed for life and invalids, and existence became a struggle. The Government provided generously for the helpless, but there were many left who were scarcely able to provide the necessaries of life, and it was at this critical juncture the Grand Army of the Republic was founded, to aid these deserving ones, and those dependent upon them; also, to keep alive the memories of their fallen comrades, and to inculcate into the minds and hearts of the rising generation a spirit of loyalty.

The years of the Grand Army of the Republic are numbered. Already the inscription "*Troja fuit*" seems to be inscribed upon its banners. While many of its members are still in the prime of life, a great majority are nearing the threescore-and-ten limit, and each recurring year will record a vastly increasing silent majority. But they have not lived in vain, and coming years will but add lustre to their immortal fame. Let us hope that a grateful nation will ever keep their memories green.



Our First Naval Hero and His Grave in a Strange Land

Everything naval is having a boom this year, and naturally the old heroes who won our battles on the sea are recalled with gratitude and affection. One result has been to find out more about them, and in the inquiries the fact was brought to mind that no one knew the whereabouts of the grave of John Paul Jones, our first great naval fighter. Efforts official and unofficial were made, but the credit of discovery belongs to Mr. James G. Johnson, who found the grave in the Paris Cemetery for Foreign Protestants. According to the register, John Paul Jones was buried there on July 20, year 4 of liberty, at eight o'clock in the evening, conformably to the decree of the National Assembly.

The burial took place in the presence of a deputation of the Assembly, and of other distinguished representatives, including several American officers. According to the entry, Jones was a native of England, a citizen of the United States, a Commodore in the service of the said States, and forty-five years old. He died in the Rue de Tournon, No. 42, of dropsy of the chest, on July 13, "in the sentiments of the Protestant religion."

A plan is now under way to bring the remains to America upon a man-of-war, and to make the reinterment at Arlington Heights, the beautiful spot opposite Washington, and the ideal place for the grave of a hero.

Several Kinds of Boycotts, from Yellow Journals to the Only Kipling

One excellent result of the great prosperity this year has been few strikes. Labor and capital got closer together because they needed each other so vitally, and there was a scarcity of skilled labor in all parts of the country.

In the strikes that have occurred there were interesting features, and in every case of a prolonged contest the boycott was tried. Some of the newspapers in New York which had been most vociferous for the rights of labor found themselves boycotted by the very forces to which they had bowed. But while they lost many thousands in daily sales, and something in advertising, they gradually worked themselves out.

One of the most interesting of the boycotts was in Cleveland, where a great strike tied up the principal street railway system of the city. The arbitration failed, and both sides began a battle. The 800 strikers were unusually well organized, and were equipped with enough money for living expenses. The strike went through the usual gradations of violence and disorder, and finally settled down into a boycott which the men planned against the street railway company and all who patronized it. A merchant who rode on the cars was boycotted. An employee of the company or a policeman who protected its property was boycotted. Wagons were run in competition with the cars, and for a time the sentiment was kept at red heat. The boycotters started a daily paper which they made profitable, and possibly the most interesting part of its contents was the column of paid advertisements in which people declared the fact that they did not ride upon the hated line. It went so far that merchants refused to sell to persons who rode on the cars, or to policemen, or to any one objectionable to the strikers.

Another kind of a boycott in another Western city—that is, in Crawfordsville, Indiana—was in one of the churches. In a purchase of books for the Sunday-school, Kipling's Drums of the Fore and Aft was included. A man of family who took it from the library was greatly perturbed after reading it. He declared he found it "fairly reeking with profanity and the most outrageous slang," and he stated his case before the Sunday-school authorities so well that a boycott was declared against the book. However, as it is the same Mr. Kipling who wrote the Recessional, and for whose recovery prayers were offered in hundreds of American churches, it is not likely that this boycott will spread.

Good People Who Risked Life to Save Men from Being Lynched

Lynching is one of the most distressing questions in America at this time, and it is made all the more deplorable by the apparent helplessness of any one to deal with it. Those who make wholesale charges against sections, and who give way to passionate outbursts against all for the crimes of the few, simply embitter the situation and get neither the sympathy nor the respect of the public. The feeling of the country is that somehow and in some way there must be a gradual solution of the problem.

In the case of a prisoner in Georgia against whom threats of lynching were made, Governor Chandler left the Executive Mansion, went to the jail, took charge of the forces and saved the man's life. The same thing has been done by other Southerners on occasions of which the public heard little. More than one Judge in the South has risked his life to prevent lawlessness. It is well to remember these facts.

Who Shall Pay the Damages When the Man Lynched is a Foreigner?

In the Mafia lynchings, which occurred in New Orleans in 1890, the United States Government paid for the life of each one of the Italians found to be still citizens of that Kingdom a large indemnity. On that occasion eleven Italians were shot or hanged. The Secretary of State, who was then Mr. Blaine, held that the mêlée was a breach of State law, and that the Federal Government was not responsible. Congress refused to vote any funds, but afterward the indemnity was paid. In July of this year a mob in Madison Parish, Louisiana, lynched five Italians.

This has brought up the question whether it is right for the Federal Government to pay for mob violence in the State. There are those who hold that the State should be responsible, but it is a matter yet to be decided. In the meanwhile, the General Government foots the bill. In twelve years the Government has paid $300,000 in indemnities of this sort.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR
Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Mr. Rockefeller and the Land Sharks

The troubles of a millionaire are illustrated by a story told of William Rockefeller by one of his attorneys. The oil magnate bought a large tract of land in the Adirondacks, which he uses as a game preserve and forest home. A small country paper announced that Mr. Rockefeller intended to buy half the Adirondacks and make them into a park. The article was widely quoted, and soon letters began to pour in.

The letters were soon followed by brokers, farmers, real-estate agents and speculators. Mr. Rockefeller at first denied the report, but this had no effect. His secretary answered every letter in the negative, but this proved ineffective. His clerks were instructed to tell all callers that their employer did not want any Adirondack land, but even this was futile. Not long ago Mr. Rockefeller was driving, and stopped to rest his horses, when a man suddenly walked out from behind the trees and asked for a match. Mr. Rockefeller went through his pockets and handed the man three or four.

The man struck a match and said: "I am very much obliged to you, sir; I wanted a match very badly, and you came just in the nick of time. By the way, I believe you are Mr. William Rockefeller, and you want to buy some land in this neighborhood. Now I——"

The sentence was not finished. The unhappy capitalist threw the box of matches to the man and drove off in a gallop.

Enjoying a Polar Candy Pull

Albert White Vorse was one of the relief party that went into Arctic waters on the whaler Kite in 1892 and brought back to civilization Lieutenant Peary and Mrs. Peary. Mr. Vorse has made a book of his experiences, which Drexel Biddle, of Philadelphia, is printing. But not all of his experiences are included in the work. There was a candy pull on the Kite, the like of which never happened before.

ALBERT WHITE VORSE

COURTESY OF THE NOTMAN PHOTO. CO.

"We had been for three months in the ice north of Godthaab, Greenland," says Mr. Vorse, "and the sun had never set once. Three months of endless day, the sun circling around us, all the time in sight, and when we got to Godthaab we were glad to see something familiar once more. Godthaab has the most northern sidewalks in the world, and we spent hours looking at them. Then there was a schooner, and men and women, and, to cap it all, we had got into the region of night once more. Of course we were elated, and that accounted for my proposition to make some chocolate caramels and have a candy pull on the fo'castle stove.

"It was accepted, and our party gathered around the fire while I stirred the molasses. The fo'castle was a small room at the best, and we crowded it to the limit, so when the Mate came in he grumbled. Then he told us a story. It was a blood-curdling tale of the days when the Kite was in the whaling trade, and had rescued a lot of fishermen who would not work, but sat around the fo'castle fire and made merry even as we were doing.

"'But we got rid of them. One of the men dropped cartridges down the funnel and they went off in every direction.'

"Before he could enter into details we heard a crackling noise, as if something had fallen down the stove pipe, and an instant later there was a bang and the men scattered in every direction. I alone was left, and that was chiefly because I didn't have time to get away. Some idiot of a sailorman had dropped a few cartridges down the funnel. After a while they came back and we had our candy. It was good, too, only I admit that it tasted a bit of powder."

A Reporter Worth a Million Dollars

Colonel Sheffield Phelps, owner of the Jersey City Journal, was the richest newspaper reporter in America several years ago. From his father, the late William Walter Phelps, he inherited a fortune of several millions, and under his active and practical management he has made his newspaper the foremost journal of the State. At the end of his first year he was bitterly attacked by his political enemies, who brought libel suits for many hundreds of thousands of dollars against him, but he won easily in the courts. Since then he has been a powerful political factor in Hudson County, and his course has been signally indorsed by Governor Voorhees.

The Colonel, whose title comes from appointment on the staff of Governor Griggs, lives in one of the show places of the State, directly opposite New York City, on the crest of the Palisades. The family estate comprises more than three thousand acres. It is probably the costliest farm in America. The land is worth in the neighborhood of $3,000,000 for building purposes.

After his graduation from Yale, in 1886, Colonel Phelps began active newspaper work as a reporter on the World at New York. Later he became an editorial writer on the Mail and Express, and afterward filled the position of acting managing editor on the same paper.

Once, while on the World staff, he was sent to report the wedding of the daughter of a Wall Street man recently from the West. The reporters were met at the front door by a trained servant, who quickly separated them from the guests and led them to the host's private room, where the banker met them in person and gave them typewritten slips containing the information they were sent for. Then champagne was opened and the banker took some cigars from a drawer in his desk.

"Have one," he said to Phelps. "They're genuine conchas. I import them myself."

"Thanks," said Phelps pleasantly, as he took the cigar. "Have one of mine. They're real ascura maduras."

The Great Commoner of the West

"It took a long time to nominate Bryan," said one delegate to another at the close of the Chicago Convention of 1896. "Oh, no," his friend replied; "Bryan was nominated in a hurry, but it took a long time to beat Bland."

Bland would undoubtedly have been nominated long before Bryan could have had the opportunity to make the "cross-of-gold, crown-of-thorns" speech which nominated him, if the Missouri managers had sincerely desired the nomination of Mr. Bland; but the most powerful men in the Missouri delegation were at heart opposed to Bland's nomination, and they prevented it by delaying the deliberations of the Convention which, at the start, was largely in favor of nominating "Silver-Dollar Bland," the most conspicuous advocate for the free coinage of silver at sixteen to one. Bland was a statesman rather than a politician, a man above common intrigue, vulgar trickery, and sincere to fanaticism in devotion to his one idea. He never recovered from the tremendous disappointment at Chicago, which was embittered by the revelation of the treachery by which he had been deprived of his legitimate reward by men whom he had trusted. If it did not break his heart, it at least so affected him that when his last illness came he apparently did not fight the disease, and for the first time in his life failed to exert his great will power.

Mr. Bland was so simple in all his ways of thinking and acting, and so democratic in his manners and habits, notwithstanding his fine Virginia ancestry, that he was not appreciated fully by men who did not come in contact with his great intellectual powers. Thus he never had the reputation in the country generally which his friends thought he deserved, and which other men of much less ability and much fewer attainments, but of greater pretentiousness, obtained. The men who served with Mr. Bland in the House regarded the quiet, modest silver leader as a remarkable man. Of course he was recognized as a master of his special subject, even though his point of view was peculiar.

Mr. Bland's store of information upon the silver question was great and always at command. A Washington correspondent recalls that during the discussion of the Sherman purchase clause repeal, Mr. Bland one evening spoke of the numerous requests he was receiving from magazines for articles, with which he could not comply for lack of time, and regretted especially that he could not furnish a short article requested by one of the leading reviews.

"Dictate it to our stenographer," suggested the correspondent. Mr. Bland said that he did not like to interfere with the work of the office, but being pressed he took out the letter from the magazine editor to reread the questions asked, and then rapidly dictated the article, without feeling that he had to stop to consult any other authority than himself. "In fifteen minutes," says the correspondent, "he had finished, and when the matter was transcribed, read it over hastily, scarcely changing a word; nor was it necessary. I saw the article after its appearance in the magazine, and it was a model of concise and logical construction and expression."

This is a fair illustration of the great readiness of Bland.

Mr. Bland was one of the kindest and most sympathetic of men, but as a boy, his brother says, was the most pugnacious youngster he ever knew. "Dick was always looking for a fight up to the time he was fourteen years old. We carried grist to mill, and when I went alone I never had a harsh word with any one; but let Dick go along, and we would fight first the toll-gate keeper, then a farmer we met in the road, and then the miller." Mr. Bland was always ready to fight with intrepid courage for free coinage of silver, but otherwise he was a man of peace, and a helper and friend of everybody he knew who needed his assistance. A hundred tales are told about his kindness to young men just starting in life, and all the younger members of the Democratic side of the House drew upon him for advice and assistance without limit. Mr. Bland had known what it was to fight the hard fight of a poor boy, orphaned at an early age, and obliged to shift for himself in Kentucky farm work, and he never lost a tender feeling for struggling young men. In leaving Virginia for Kentucky, early in the century, Mr. Bland's grandfather seems to have left behind all the pride of his aristocracy, and it was not until Mr. Bland himself had become a prominent man that he learned that through his great grandfather, Theodric Bland, a Colonel of Washington's staff, he was related to the Lees, the Randolphs, and all the other great families of Virginia, and also to noble houses in England. Although he was pleased to receive the Bland coat-of-arms, he never used the crest or alluded publicly to his distinguished ancestry.

SHEFFIELD PHELPS

He liked best the title of "the great commoner," which was applied to him in Missouri, and rejoiced in everything that identified him with "the plain people," emphasizing all the democratic doctrines that he thought brought out this idea. He delighted to take part in the work of his farm, which was his one great recreation.

Irving Scott's Floating Fortresses

Irving M. Scott, Vice-President and General Manager of the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, and builder of the battle-ship Oregon and of Admiral Dewey's flagship, Olympia, has had a career of which few men can boast. He went to San Francisco in 1860, and after paying his first week's board he had five dollars. That was his entire capital. "And," he said, the other day, "I have never had less than that sum of money since."

His first work was in the Peter Donohu machine shops. There Mr. Scott learned his trade thoroughly. In a few years he withdrew from the shops and started in business for himself. He had managed to make a fair share of the trade his own almost from the start. Soon afterward, in company with his brother and two practical workmen, he started the Union Iron Works.

"We went into the mining business exclusively," said Mr. Scott. "We made the best mining machinery in the world. We made it better and quicker than any one else, and we soon controlled the trade. Our work was admitted to be the finest ever constructed. Most of it was of our own invention. I, myself, might have made a fortune out of my own inventions if I had had them patented, but I did not think it was worth while at the time. We did most of the work for the great Comstock Lode, and made money fast. After the Lode played out it made hard times in mining circles, and we turned our attention to ship-building. That is the way we got into that business."

Mr. Scott is the executive man of the company. He secures the contracts and superintends the work. In getting the contract for the Charleston, his first warship, he spent eleven months in Washington, and only secured permission to look at the plans during the last weeks of the time.

"I told Mr. Whitney the plans were defective," explained Mr. Scott, "but he told me to go ahead on the lines laid down. He said that the plans were English, and if the ship turned out a failure it would be attributed to the change. So I followed the plans, and after the ship was completed the Government paid us a great many thousand dollars for making the very changes I had first suggested."

A Mandarin's Wife on American Marriages

Margherita Arlina Hamm, the well-known traveler and author, called when in China upon the wife, or rather the wives, of a great Mandarin. Her visit partook of the nature of a festival, so novel was the experience to the Chinese women, whose lives are passed almost entirely within the walls of their yamen. They examined her clothing, and were partly pleased and partly astonished at it. They were shocked by her shoes, and especially by the fact that her feet were not confined by bindings.

Finally one of them said, through the interpreter, "You can walk and run just as well as a man?"

"Why, certainly."

"Can you ride a pony as well as a man?"

"Of course."

"Then you must be as strong as most men."

"Yes, I think I am."

"You wouldn't let a man beat you, not even your husband, would you?"

"Not at all."

The Chinese woman paused, laughed, and then said, "Now I understand why foreigners never take more than one wife. They are afraid to."

MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM

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TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Some Expert Criticism.—On a concert tour down South, Fred Innes, the composer and trombone virtuoso, heard himself and his work discussed by two venerable darkies.

"How," queried one, "did you like that young pusson who played on the brass horn?"

"Pretty well for a horn," answered the other, "but Lor' sakes, what do you think? They tell me he can't play the fiddle at all, and yet they call him a musician!"

A New Way of Hearing a Sermon.—President Henry Wade Rogers, of the Northwestern University, and his wife have moved into the slums of Chicago and have taken up their residence there. Mrs. Rogers is the President of the Settlement Society, and Doctor Rogers has been greatly interested in this work for many years. The Doctor is a tall, impressive, eloquent man, and has entered earnestly into his new labors. But he has always been earnest, and as a boy he was something of an investigator, too. An old playmate tells the following story of him:

Their schoolmaster was once talking to them of literature. In the course of his talk he said: "There are sermons in the stones, the running brooks."

The future Doctor interrupted with:

"Well, if there are sermons in the running brook, I should think they'd let us swim on Sundays instead of listening to the dry old stuff we have to."

But, then—that was years ago.

Art by the Acre.—Miss Amalie Kussner, the American artist, who has just painted a portrait of the Czar and the Russian Imperial family, is a Western girl who manifested a singular genius for miniature painting when a mere child. She is handsome, brilliant and cultured, and during the past eight years she has visited many European capitals and executed more than fifty commissions for Royalty.

Once at a New York hotel a chambermaid, who had watched her painting a miniature, asked her what a picture like that would cost. Miss Kussner replied that it would bring $200.

"Two hundred dollars for a wee little thing like that!" exclaimed the maid. "Say, miss, you are wasting time. If you would only make a big one, as big as that looking-glass, you'd get enough money to buy out this hotel."

THE THREE TRAVELLERS

By MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER

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THEY were three travelers sitting in the smoking-room of a country inn, who had come together as strangers and grown companionable over their pipes and wine. Two of them were young, the third was gray-haired and wrinkle-faced. They were discussing women's love.

The youngest argued lightly, because he delighted in debate.

The second bitterly, because he had been jilted, and fancied himself in love.

The gray third without emotion, because he had known sorrow.

"For fairy gifts to win the heart of my fair lady," said the youngest, "were we in the magic days of old, I would ask nothing save a light heart and a handsome face with few harsh years stamped upon it."

"Nay," said the second youth; "I would request nothing save a purse of gold that never would grow empty; and were I ugly as sin, and wicked as its originator, I could buy the heart of any damsel I longed for."

"And you," said the first speaker, turning to the silent, gray man, "are you too old to remember women's hearts are worth the winning?"

"Old?" said the gray man. "How many years would you say that I carry?"

"You look old for your days if you be under sixty."

"Nay, then," said the man, "I am forty-five at cockcrow to-morrow."

"Good Heavens!" said the youth. "What has aged you so?"

"If I," said the gray man, passing the question, "had the good will of the fairies, I would claim the old gift women have always loved—more than beauty, wealth, gentleness, or aught else."

"And that?" said the second youth eagerly.

"Courage," said the man; "plain animal courage."

"You have a story to tell," said one youth, filling his pipe; "I see by your face."

"I have a story," said the gray man hesitatingly, "of a woman—of courage—of a man who was a coward. It happened some ten or twelve years ago, and I knew the man."

This is the story that he told, and as he talked the glasses of the youths were unemptied and their pipes unfilled.

"Ten or twelve years ago I knew the man. He lived in my village, but where that is does not matter. He was a coward. No one knew he was a coward except himself—and a woman. In fact, to-day they speak of him as a hero in my village.

"When he was a child he was full of many terrors—afraid of robbers, afraid of ghosts, afraid of the dark. Perhaps he had been frightened as a baby by some nurse, and the terror lingered. It sometimes happens thus that a child is ruined. When he grew older he was afraid of pain, afraid of blows. So he had few boyish rows, and joined in no rough games. People thought him a quiet and gentle youth. Later he was afraid of being afraid—of the shame of it.

"Then as his youth passed he grew out of this fear, or there were no longer calls on his boyish courage. He passed to manhood, and then, when he understood, he became afraid of death. Death was to him no peace and rest, but darkness.

"Once as a boy he fought another, but that was because the other was bearing a story to the boy's father, and he was afraid of his father.

"Once as a man he fought again, and that was because there was no possible escape without deadly shame, and he fought like a child mad with terror. This nobody knew, and he won—his foe was the smaller.

"Then he married the woman.

"For three years they lived together and nothing happened to try his courage. Such is the calm of life. The much-dreaded possible battles of boyhood were now no more. He was a man.

"But it happened he had to move from his quiet village into a desolate part of the country. Why, does not matter. His was the only house for miles around, and it stood on the edge of a great cattle ranch. Behind it, some distance off, was a railroad, and on one side a strong river, often swollen to twice its natural size by heavy rains. Over it was thrown the railway bridge—too light for it, many thought; but the man laughed at the idea as he looked upon the great supports which stemmed the full flow of the tide.

"Soon he saw in the eyes of his wife, as they bent upon him, looks of unquiet, or was it of fear? Did she suspect his secret? Was she afraid that he was afraid? Why should she suspect him? He had a retrospective five minutes. Yes, once when they were walking across the fields a great bull ran at the man; he had turned and fled, but the woman was beside him. Had he not shown he knew this? Had he not looked to her first and kept between her and the bull? He could not remember. He never could remember after his fits of terror.

"When he was a child they bore him along in one great gust, blinding, deafening, maddening for the time. Now the years had hardly lessened their strength. Again, he remembered a brawny villain who had leered at and shouldered his wife as they walked through a neighboring village. He had turned on the fellow with stern anger, but the drunken bravado would have nothing but blows, and before his clenched fist the man had stepped aside.

"Slowly, slowly he went over the swollen, angry torrent"

"Once again, when driving across the country the horse had taken fright, and he remembered that he had sat pale and trembling while the woman took the reins from his hands and guided the animal into quiet. She had never reproached him for these things, only her eyes seemed to speak; and then, how she loved courage! Once, when a weakling lamb of hers fell into the swollen and rapid tide, she stood knee-deep in the water weeping and calling to the man. When he reached her she begged him to go in and save the little creature. She could not swim, but *he* was a strong swimmer. Yet when he faced the running water he dared not take the risk for the sake of an animal, and said so.

"But a herdsman on the ranch had also heard her calling and had noted the bleating of the lamb. Running down the bank, he had flung off his coat and leaped into the water. With a few strokes he had reached the drowning beast. To get back was not an easy matter, and twice the watchers thought the swimmer must fail.

"When he at length reached the side the watchers ran to meet him and help him ashore. The woman said little, but thanked him with shining and excited eyes. The herd was shamed by her gratitude. He was a coward the minute he was out of danger—afraid of thanks. He shuffled off, saying something about a flood if the heavy rains continued.

"When he had gone the woman turned to her husband: 'Oh, if you had done that!' 'But, dear,' he answered, 'is an animal worth the risk of a human life?' 'Oh, it was not the lamb!' she replied with glowing eyes—then added thoughtfully, '*He* was a man.'

"'I am not as fine a swimmer as he,' the man retorted, angry with her and with himself. 'Perhaps you would have been sorry if I had gone to save your lamb and had been drowned?'

"In a moment she had turned and taken his hands in hers.

"'Oh, dear love, yes!' she said. 'I am glad you did not risk it. I did not think; but I love courage so.'

"After that it seemed as though something had come between them, something neither could define. True, she loved him even more than before, it might be, but not in the same way. Now she seemed to add pity to her love, and no pride. She did not look up to him, but down upon him. Her love was like that of a mother for a crippled child. Yes, after all, it was the greater love; for love of the weak and failing is true love, while love of the strong and successful is selfish in a degree when he who loves lives in the shadow of that strength.

"One evening the man, sitting in the doorway with his beloved violin at his shoulder, beheld the woman coming toward him in great haste, her pretty curls behind her in the wind, her cloak blown back, her little feet twinkling in their speed. At first he did not hear her calling to him, for his soul was still with his music and traveled slowly from his dreams. Soon her frightened face became more distinct and he was conscious something disastrous had happened. He put down the violin and went to meet her, the bow still in his hand. She turned back the way she had come when she saw he was approaching her, and waved to him to hasten.

"'The bridge,' she cried; 'the bridge!'

"He hurried after her, and they reached the bridge together. What a sight there met his eyes! The river, turbulent, uncontrollable, mad, swollen to twice its size by the heavy rains, rolled by in a current too strong for waves to break upon. Heavy and dark it moved on, bearing everything before it—trees, dead sheep, a struggling ox, and once a white face with drowned, staring eyes—all he saw in that moment go by like chips of wood on that great river. But more than this he saw, and most terrible—the great railway bridge had given way! The centre buttress had crumbled and the iron rails trailed twisted to the water. At the centre of the great bridge nothing remained to cover a gap of over ninety feet but the handrail, which somehow had loosened from its hold on the broken bridge and swung across—no, not as a tight-rope, but more like a ladder with rungs, which the stanchions made, half a man's height apart. The second wire, one could see, had broken on the farther side, and this caused the whole fence to swing as if it might give way at any moment. In one second the man had seen all this; in the next he had remembered that the train would pass this way in an hour. An hour! What a little time when there is much to do! What an eternity when one waits!

"'The train!' he gasped. 'A hundred people——'

"He looked into the rushing torrent, black with its force.

"The woman grasped his hand and her nails pierced his skin. She was gazing at the wire swaying across the gap.

"'There is only one possible way. I have thought it all out—only one possible way. To cross the wire.'

"'You are mad! Who would cross the wire?'

"'You must. It is the only way to save them.'

"'It is impossible; it might break under one's weight. It would be suicide to attempt it.'

"'There is no other way, and it is like a ladder—strong enough to bear a man. You are so swift and strong—so strong, Alfred,' she said slowly, turning and looking into his eyes. 'There is only one man to whom the chance is given to save all these people—only one man, and only one way.'

"The man looked around; nobody else; they were miles from every one, from every help—one man; and he a coward.

"'There is another bridge ten miles off. I could just do it on Prince,' he whispered.

"'Alfred,' she said, 'if this bridge has gone beneath the flood, do you think that that other little bridge yet stands? If you find it gone, and you leave no time to return and go this way, many will die here by your door—drowned, mangled, tortured—women and little children—little children. There will be crying and screaming—and you will hear them—I shall hear them—screaming down there in the dark!'

"The man broke from her, the agony pouring down his forehead into his eyes. He put his feet upon the lower wire, and, grasping the other in his hands, shuffled a few feet from the land into the air. The woman leaned to his sleeve and kissed it, her face white with anguish.

"'The risk of one dear life for a hundred lives!'

"The man went out farther; he looked down; his brain sickened. The wire swayed and creaked beneath his weight. The black, cruel water lay beneath him, and under his feet only the thin wire. And all the time he was so near safety. He forgot the train and the people—only his own dark danger was living. He sprang back to the firm land again.

"The woman looked into his face; her eyes were on a level with his; she was tall, but slight and weak. She looked at her tremulous thin hands and at the long gap between her and the other side. The man saw the glance and it maddened him. It said, 'If these had your strength I would not be as you.'

"'It would be madness to attempt this,' he said; 'I will go by the other bridge.'

"'It is too late,' the woman said in a dull voice.

"'I believe,' he muttered, 'that you would rather see me dead—if a hundred were saved over my body.'

"'I would rather see you dead,' she said like one repeating him.

"'You would rather I were a dead hero than a live——'

"A word tripped on her tongue; he could see it.

"'Why don't you say coward?' he sneered. 'If I were dead in this cause they would call you the widow of a hero.'

"'And now,' the woman flashed up, 'they will say I am the wife of a—— They will say you were afraid.'

"The man turned on her sadly. 'Oh, you woman,' he said, 'you should have been the wife of a soldier—the mother of men-children; you would have loved them, worshiped them, and harnessed on their armor and sent them forth to die!'

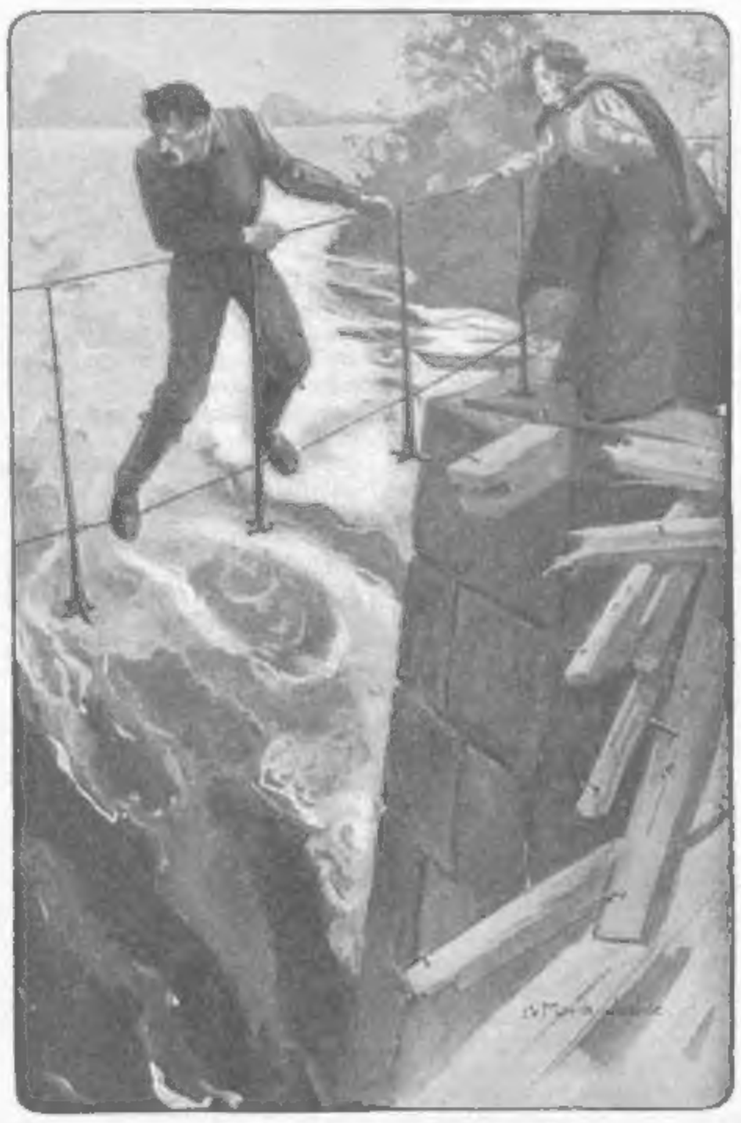
"He turned from her and ran to the stables; he flung a halter on the black horse, and, leaping upon its back,

galloped off in the direction of the other bridge. The black horse covered the ground as it had never done before, but as they sped by the side of the river the man heard a faint voice shouting from the water. He looked and saw a drowning man hanging to a beam of wood, his white, wet face glowing in the gathering gloom. The pallid lips opened again.

"'The bridge!' they said; 'the bridge is down!'

"Yes! had he not known it all the time? The bridge was down, and he had run away from the danger on the other bridge near which the woman stood despising him.

"He turned his horse and drove it into the water in the direction of that white face. The swift current nearly took it off its feet. It turned in its terror and ran, uncontrollable, toward its home. As the horse raced the current for a time, the two human beings gazed at one another, the one powerless to help the other out in the darkness. 'Help! Help! Help!' How the horse's feet re-echoed that cry long after the drowned lips had gone underneath.



"HE LOOKED DOWN; HIS BRAIN SICKENED"

"The man swayed in his saddle. Between the light of the fading day and the rising moon he saw plainly, as he came nearer home, the dark bridge with the great gap in the middle of it, and across the gap, fine as a spider-thread, the wire.

"The swaying wire —— But what was on it? Something small and black, like a spider, was creeping across. When he got nearer he saw that it was a man. There was some one braver than himself, then? Well, she had got a hero at last. He drew nearer and watched. He saw the man crawl along, stopping often—sometimes it seemed through fear, sometimes to quiet the dangerous swaying of the wire, yet never looking back and always going forward. Slowly, slowly he went over the swollen, angry torrent. The man thought of the white face he had seen go under, and shuddered. He wondered if this other man had seen it as it passed. This other man—Katie's hero, he would call him! He was jealous. Where should he be when this fellow returned full of glory? Katie's hero! Oh, it was safe enough, after all, the wire, seeing that it bore this fellow, who was as tall as he! Why did he not go and be brave for once? To stand before her eyes with a heart like a hare, and to fail her—to fail her!

"Katie's hero had crossed; he had stopped for a moment on the other side, where the lower wire had broken, and there was no longer rest for his feet. Then he held on with his hands, and swung himself across with them alone. He sank on the ground on the other side for a minute, and the man almost hoped for a jealous second that his rival had failed; but when the man rose to his feet and ran down the line, he muttered hoarsely:

"'God speed your feet!'

"Then it struck him as strange that his wife was not there to see the success or failure of her hero, and he ran toward the house, calling. Through the lower rooms he went, and around the small garden, but she was not there. Frightened, he again searched the house, and, coming to his dressing-room, he noticed the press standing open and all his clothes tossed about. A black suit he often wore was gone. A light dawned upon him.

"He saw it all now. She had dressed in his clothes and gone in his place. All the manhood in him rose up; he would follow her. She had made a path for him; he was no longer afraid. All along that low wire her little feet had gone; all along the top one her pretty hands had moved. Her courage, like electricity, must lie there still, and would give him strength to follow. He put his feet on one wire and his hands upon the other. He slowly slid along them into the air. He moved bravely a few yards and then stopped. The wire bent and swayed beneath him; he looked down. Below him the black river tumbled, bearing upon its breast the triumphs of its robberies—dead animals, hay, beams, trees, even wooden furniture, stolen from some cottage, all jumbled together and hurrying ever onward.

"The man gazed down as he swayed above. He might be yet part of that moving mass. He closed his eyes and started on again. Again he stopped, his face, wet with fear, turned to the heavens so fair beneath the rising moon, so smiling in the face of all this horror—he, the one lone, living thing, swaying between earth and heaven, life and death.

"He moved onward; he heard the cry of wild birds over the waters. Once a wing against his face caused him to leave go a hand. He caught again, trembling and moaning; he worked his way on with more speed. Thus did her little feet go; here were laid the hands he loved. With a cry he found the wire had failed his feet and he was swinging by his hands alone. For a moment he swung so in terror before he realized that he had just come to the end of his journey and was at the side where the lower wire had snapped. He swung himself forward and with a great effort landed on the bank. He sank on his knees an instant and then ran down the line.

"After running a few minutes he saw a man coming toward him; he stopped and waited. He knew it must be she; and it gave him no surprise to see her bright, dancing eyes and bonnie face beneath the cap pulled over her brows. When she saw him she started and laughed.

"'You are late; it is all right. I was at the station before the train arrived, and all are saved. I heard it come dashing into the station soon after I left. They never realized that I was not you in the failing light.'

"The man took her two hands in his.

"'My dear, why have you done this?'

"'I had to. You see, it was the only way. You were too late going by the other bridge—as I said.'

"'I did not go by the other bridge—I crossed the wire after you. The other bridge is down, too.'

"'Oh, you were brave! Now you will not be a hero for nothing, after all, and you did cross the wire!'

"'A hero for nothing?' the man questioned.

"'Yes,' she said slowly; 'you see, it was the only way—I had to pretend to be you. They did not see much in the moonlight; I just said the bridge was down, and bade them see to it, then came away. They think it was you, and you will be a hero when they know how you crossed—and you did cross.'

"'But they must not think it was me; I will not——'

"'Oh, but you must!' Then she said softly, 'I would not let them think you dared not come . . . and you were the only one who knew.'

"'So you came in my place?' The man turned away in shame.

"'Never mind,' she said brightly; 'the glory is mine. I am your wife, and what you win, I win. But let us go.'

"'But how can we return?' said the man.

"'There is only the one way,' she answered; and, seeing him draw back, added eagerly: 'You must not—you dare not—let them find me here like this.'

"In a few moments they had reached the bridge. She laid her hands upon the wire rope.

"'See,' she said, 'it is tough and thick; it is strong enough to bear a dozen men. Let us tie ourselves together like the Alpine climbers, and we shall feel more safe. See, I brought this in case I should want it.'

"She drew a rope out of her pocket and slipped a noose beneath his arms, across his chest, and tied the other end around her waist. Then she laughed. 'If I slip you can hold me, and if you lose your footing I can help you.'

"'But the wire is not safe for the two together,' the man said, though to him the mere contact of some one near, even thus united, made him more courageous than when he went alone. He felt the wire rope; it seemed firm and stout enough. It had not started or snapped a strand when he came over, and surely there was not much danger if only they held tight.

"'Quick, they are coming; let us get on, let us get on!'

"The man set his feet on the wire and started, the woman following without hesitation. The wire creaked and swayed.

"'Go back,' he cried; 'take off the rope or let me go alone.'

"But she pushed him forward, and with her sweet companionship fear fled from him; he was anxious to get across only for her sake, and all his thoughts were of her. Yes, we can get used to everything, and the second crossing of the rope did not seem so bad as the first. They had reached the middle when the rope creaked again. Then some of the old fear returned and his face grew white and wet.

"'Hold tight, whatever happens!' he shouted above the roar of the waters.

"At the horror in his voice, fear seemed to come to her, too. She clenched her hands upon the wire and refused to move. Now that her mind had nothing to think of but their danger, she realized for the first time the risk they ran.

"'Oh, I am afraid—afraid,' she sobbed.

"'One more effort,' the man said; 'come, dear.'

"She closed her eyes and followed him. The rope swayed and creaked ominously beneath them. He gave another movement forward—and the wire broke. A moment of nothingness, and then they found themselves hanging in the air a few feet from the rushing waters. The man clung fast to the wire, but the woman's hands only held a minute and then let go. They swung like a pendulum over the face of death. The man screamed in his agony. The rope, noosed around his chest, and laden with the unconscious woman's weight, cut into him and seemed to pinch his heart out. He uttered cry after cry, and then—he went mad. He was no longer a reasoning human being, but an insane animal fighting for life. There was something—he did not know what—dragging him down to death; something that bit like a wolf into his breast and choked like a serpent. He strove to free himself. He tried to advance, but it drew him back. He loosed one hand, and tried to push it from him in vain; he thrust his hand into his pocket—the thing was tearing the flesh from his ribs, it was pressing the breath from him; he was mad, dying. He drew forth his penknife and hacked at it. He was free! In a moment he had scaled the wire and stood in safety on the shore. What had he done with his wife? The rope around his chest was cut; he looked into the river, and his soul died within him.

"That was she—whirling and turning, beaten by the passing timbers, half drowned in the waters—the woman he loved. Her white face was raised to his. He could hear her screaming down there in the shadows, her pretty curls all gone, the red cheeks so pale, the parted lips washed over by the tide. And he had done this thing to his beloved!

"He was running along the bank to the spot where the waters had swept her. She had clung to a mass of wood that had got wedged near the middle of the river.

"Here there had been an island, now so flooded that nothing was seen of it but the tops of a few rocks, and on these the woman clung, not having a foothold.

"The man plunged into the river above her and struck out for the island. It was an almost impossible effort, but love bore him along. The waters closed often over him. The drifting timbers struck him many times as they passed, so that he was bleeding and exhausted when at last he reached her.

"She rested, half fainting, clinging to the small foothold that the rocks gave, and without strength to change her position. He drew her upon it and clasped her in his tired arms.

"'My dearest!' he wept over her.

"'Save me!' she cried, clinging to him. 'Oh, do not let me drown!'

"He held her to him without hope. Could he swim ashore with her, or could they wait there long enough for help to arrive? Already the river left them nothing dry to rest upon. They were standing on a ridge a few feet wide, and the waters washed over it. He shouted for help. Far away he could see the black figures in the moonlight investigating the broken bridge, but they did not hear his cries. He screamed to them, but at last he saw them gather together and depart.

"He turned to his wife and bade her be brave, saying:

"'If anything happens to fling us off this, cling to me and I will swim ashore with you. Put your hand upon me and you will float along by my side quite easily, only do not fear.'

"He saw a huge beam come toward them, and repeated what he had said. He saw the great mass come like a cork on the rising waters. It was making straight for them. The next moment he was in the water, with the senses half-knocked out of him. He went down, and felt he would never come to the top again. Was he rising? The water looked green around him. There were black things passing above him. His throat was bursting. He felt that in a moment the blood must spring from his ears and eyes. Would he never get to the surface?

"It was clear at last! He could see the blessed sky once more, and the green shore. How far away it seemed! Would he ever reach it? There was something clinging to him, keeping him back. But he could easily thrust it off—a weak thing like a child's hand. But there was no child there—nothing there save death. The waters washed across his eyes, blinding him. The floating timbers and refuse struck his white face to red, but he fought with them all, flinging them from him. Everything, even the child's hand, was gone now. Once a drowning cat had reached him, caught his sleeve and tried to clamber on to his head. For a moment they fought together—two animals mad with fear. Then the man went on alone.

"The shore was growing green. He could surely see the trees now. One effort more for dear life. He sank and rose again, and once more sank. As he went down he stretched his hands once over the waters in a death clutch, and they clung to the overhanging branch of a tree by the river. In a moment he hung so, getting back his strength. Then he drew himself ashore. For an hour he lay there, half in and half out of the water, and then he rose—and lived."

"*Are you hurt? blinded?*"

"And he never told the world that the woman had saved the train?" said one youth, after a long pause.

"That was part of his punishment," said the gray man. "It would have undone what she had died for. She was always in terror lest people should know that the man she loved was a coward."

"If I," said the other young man, "had left a woman to drown like that in my madness, I would have returned to the river in my senses and thrown myself in."

"So would he have done," said the gray man; "but when he looked into the water it was full of faces and darkness—a grave of horror. He was afraid to die."

"And how do you come to know the story?" said one.

The gray man did not answer. He rose and went to the window. As he drew aside the heavy curtain a fork of lightning flashed across his eyes, followed by a loud crash of thunder.

He sprang back with a low cry, falling upon a chair and covering his face.

The young men started to his side.

"Are you hurt? blinded?" they cried.

He drew his hands from his ghastly face and looked toward the window.

"Pull the curtains," he said; "I am afraid."

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American Rush and English Grit

IT DID not surprise those who have watched the development of American athletics that in the recent contest between two English and two American universities the Americans were beaten in those competitions which called for endurance and staying power. Ever since Dr. Charles Follen transplanted the gymnastics of the German Burschenschaft to Harvard University the American tendency has been that which exaggerates the effects of our stimulating climate upon our nervous and muscular system. We live more vigorously under our sky than does the Englishman under his. Hence the almost intoxication with which a nervously excitable man, like the late Professor Drummond, enjoys a trip to America. Hence also the greater harm to an American's constitution from the use of alcoholic stimulants. We breathe an atmosphere which "has the whiskey in it," as an Irish visitor once said. In most cases, the use of such drinks is pouring oil upon a flame which burns brightly enough already.

The Greek idea of gymnastics was the harmonious development of the whole physical frame. It was by following that ideal that they produced the most perfect work of Greek art, the Greek gymnast. Their "records" in the matter of running, throwing, leaping and the like are such as a modern athlete looks down upon; nor would they have cared to have them other. It was not the power to do some single thing as nobody else had ever done it that the Greek valued; but the power to do the whole series of things in the list recognized in the arena. Hence the importance of the "panathla," or victorious contest in a series of achievements, to which they attached the highest honor.

The same idea underlies the reform of the American gymnasium, which was begun by Professor Sargent, of Harvard. Up to his time the American youth found his own way among the appliances of a gymnasium, doing the things he could achieve with most ease, and thus exaggerating all his one-sided peculiarities of bodily development. He is now submitted to an inspection by a medical expert, his weak places ascertained by sundry tests, and his exercise as carefully prescribed for him as if it were a dose of medicine. He is required to do, not what is easiest to him, but generally what is hardest, which is also what he most needs to do.

Athletics need to be reformed as much as did the gymnastic training. They all tend to specialism in achievement, rather than to harmonious development. And not only does each athlete "move on the line of least resistance" for himself, but the whole country, so far as it takes to athletics, is doing the same. Hence the popularity of the most characteristic American game, that of baseball. As compared with cricket, baseball has the attraction of rapidity and excitement. It fits men for sudden and short spurts of energy. It fosters, both in the players and in the spectators, a nervous tension which is peculiarly American. It does not teach grit, and it develops no staying power.

Wellington is said to have spoken of Waterloo as won on the English cricket-fields. It was in facing the expert's bowling, not for five or ten minutes, but for hours at a time, that the Englishman developed the qualities which enabled him to hold that hill of St. Jean, under the dreadful rain of artillery fire, and in the face of repeated charges by the first soldiers of Europe, from early morning until late afternoon. Baseball may tell in sudden battles, like those of the recent war with Spain; but it would help to the winning of no Waterloos, no Gettysburgs. —ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

Opportunity passes every door, but finds the sluggard asleep.

Rich and Poor at Harvard

THE subject of earning an education has a chronic interest for the American people, and to none more than to those who, like myself, were born and bred under the shadow of a great University, and have watched for more than half a century the varying aspects of the whole matter. It is a curious fact that as an institution becomes greater, the extremes not only of wealth within it, but of poverty, increase; and yet the explanation is not far to seek.

The greater the variety of endowments, fellowships, scholarships, prizes and other forms of aid, the greater the number of those who come in pursuit of them and fall just short of obtaining them. It is a known fact that ambitious youths sometimes pass their examinations and begin their career in Cambridge with less than a dollar in pocket. Whatever their prospect for successes or emoluments, they must begin without a moment's delay to secure the wherewithal for their first week's board; and inasmuch as every new endowment may be said in a general way to tempt twice as many persons as it can supply, the number of poor students always increases.

Such is the pride of this class of young men, however, that the precise statistics are impossible to obtain. The first instinct of college poverty is concealment. Every year or two we who live in Cambridge hear of some student who has become ill, and perhaps died in his college room, and his death proves to have been largely brought on by a previous abstemiousness of living which no one had even suspected. A professor called my attention two or three years ago to the case of a young man among his pupils who, after a previously good career of scholarship, had suddenly broken down during an examination. He was a young colored man from Virginia, of powerful physique, who had been living solely upon crackers at an expense of from five to ten cents a day for many weeks. The student told me that he had sustained his physical strength on this diet, but that on the day of examination it seemed as if his mind utterly deserted him and his memory became a vacuum. Arrangements were made by which he could be properly fed, and he regained his position in his classes, graduated creditably, and is now a medical student.

The greatest extreme of economy that I have known among young women at Radcliffe College, in Cambridge, was on the part of two young sisters, Irish-Americans, both of uncommon ability as students, who lived in one cheap room, where they did their own cooking on a little cooking-stove, and for a portion of the time alternated their career in college, one staying out a year to teach school that the other might keep up her studies. Each took in this way about six years, I think, to get through, and one is now classical assistant in a girls' high school, while the other supports herself comfortably by private coaching of both male and female pupils.

If it now be asked whether young people gain or lose by such extreme economy, or by working their way through college unaided, the answer must be that while all self-sacrifice is a tonic, and probably strengthens a person for life, yet a good deal is lost by it in college in the way of social intercourse and of personal relations. Contrary to general impressions, Harvard University is, as I see it, a very democratic place. Nothing would be considered more emphatically bad form than a visible display of ostentation on the ground of wealth; and one or two young men, still mentioned as extreme illustrations of this, are said to have left college unpopular with all classes. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that there is no preoccupation like hard work; and it is absolutely impossible for a young man burdened heavily both with study and self-support to command time for that varied intercourse with college circles which is so important a part of University experience.

It is even impossible in most cases for a man so burdened to become an eminent athlete, a sphere which is in other respects the most democratic of all at Harvard, and which gives a popularity in presence of which neither wealth nor poverty, neither race, color, nor previous condition has the slightest importance. As the most eminent cricket player in England is at this moment a Hindu, so it is but a few years since the captain of the Harvard football team was a colored student. —THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

When all the people see that sound finance is largely a matter of sensible faith there will be fewer quarrels over the money question.

The Pay of the Peacemaker

TWO dispatches published in the same day in a veracious New York newspaper about a month ago told of notable changes of occupation that were about to befall two men. The first said that the President of a great railroad was about to resign and go East to fill a new place which had been created for him. "His duties," said the dispatch, "will be to act as arbitrator for the leading railroads of the country. He will be identified with the Pennsylvania and the Vanderbilt and Morgan interests. It is said that his salary will be $75,000 a year."

The other dispatch was very brief, merely announcing that another man had accepted the First Vice-Presidency of the Standard Oil Company and would go to New York to live. "The position," continued the dispatch, "carries with it a salary of $200,000 a year." Does any one know of a larger salary than $200,000 a year? Not the present writer, at least. Report is rather prone to exaggerate salaries, and it is not safe to rely on newspaper assurance. All we can say is, that if any concern in the world pays so much to one of its officers, the Standard Oil Company is likely enough to be that concern. Even the $75,000 that rumor assigns to the railroad man as an annual stipend, though it is dwarfed by the reported emoluments of the Standard Oil job, is really not bad pay.

How are we to suppose that these gentlemen and others who are progressing toward easy circumstances with like strides are progressing toward easy circumstances with like strides earn the considerable sums that are paid to them? Do they work prodigiously hard and very many hours a day? Probably not. Only the other day Mr. Carnegie included in his rules for getting rich one rule prohibiting overwork. No doubt the gentlemen who get these salaries will both keep this rule. Men who are paid prodigious sums are paid as a rule not for working prodigiously hard; for hard work is comparatively cheap.

An astute person said the other day: "No man ever got rich with his coat off." That may not be literally true, but it expresses an idea which has truth in it. The man who makes much money usually makes it with his coat on—that is, with his head. A man who is paid a huge salary is paid not for what he does, but for what he knows. He is paid for his judgment, for his ideas, for his suggestiveness, for his foresight, to choose wisely between several courses, for his foresight, his knowledge of men and administrative ability, and for his intimate knowledge of the conditions and details of some business, or of business in general, which makes all his powers, natural and acquired, applicable to some special line of money-making.

The $75,000 railroad man, be it noticed, is to serve as peacemaker. Railroad wars and quarrels are prodigiously costly. An arbitrator whose reputation is such that a group of great railroads will trust him to decide their disputes can, of course, render services of immense value to them, and save them great sums. It was lately announced that Mr. Thomas B. Reed—Speaker Reed—would come to New York to earn a salary of $50,000 and upward, and it is rumored that one of his employments is to be an arbitrator between the great insurance companies and quench their differences. Blessed indeed is the peacemaker in our day.

Whether it greatly profits a man to get so much money for his work is something philosophers may discuss. The work is really the main thing, and more important than the pay. It cannot be doubted, however, that it is a high satisfaction for any man to find his services rated at so high a value, for though price is not a sure measure of worth, it is the one most in use, and more available than any other for purposes of comparison. —E. S. MARTIN.

It seems impossible to love everybody—especially neighbors.

The Revival of the Historical Romance

THE present great popularity of the historical romance is but a return to Nature. It is not a new taste, nor is it a crude view of art, which has made the public tire of so-called realism and resume such fiction as Scott, Dumas, Thackeray and Hugo gloried in. Heroism, great events, the lofty patriotism always in evidence when eras are begun or periods fashioned by the marvelous power of human aspiration and organized endeavor, and the beauty of love under the stress of stormy political and military conditions, have an inextinguishable fascination for every healthy mind, and they give to imaginary scenes, incidents and dramatic situations a universal interest.

Shakespeare knew the value of a historical atmosphere and a romantic plot. The Greek dramatists and epic poets were aware of it long before; nor has there really ever been a great fiction writer—one of the first-class—who did not regard romance as of paramount importance to his work. Goethe, Balzac, Cooper and Hawthorne—there is no end to the list if we drop to the second and third planes—have, in widely different ways, played upon the same strings chosen by Homer, Æschylus, Virgil, Shakespeare and Scott. To-day the romancers, like Dr. Weir Mitchell, Gilbert Parker, Lew Wallace and Thomas Nelson Page, not to mention a score of others, are in the true line of succession from the best masters.

Of course, historical settings and picturesque heroism can be cheapened by false art. There must be literary value and the lift of genius in the making of a genuine masterpiece. So great indeed is the power of art that, as in the case of Jane Austen, the entire absence of both heroism and romance cannot quite neutralize it; her books have held, and will probably always hold, a certain class of cultivated readers. But, on the other hand, the subtle influence of the historical atmosphere and the romantic spirit has shown itself commanding enough to live permanently in even the crudest forms of art and outweigh in popular esteem the most perfect gems of mere literature in fiction.

The classical standard, as set up by the academic spirit, is a good base of reference for school purposes, and we need not relax it in its proper sphere of usefulness in order to acknowledge the unacademic fact that genius and romance are constant quantities in the problem of popularity, and that heroism and picturesque conditions go very far toward satisfying the universal human taste in fiction. The present and the commonplace have no perspective, no glamour of aerial distances to aid the imagination and give the allurement of dim horizons and hazy mountain peaks. The classics themselves owe much of their enduring charm to remote allusions and the magnetism of atmospheric strangeness. We may coddle our materialism to a surfeit; but we cannot escape the imperious demand of the imagination for the transfiguring delight of a bath in romance.

There is no need, however, for us to make the mistake of being wilfully uncritical. The novel of manners and the story of incidents have their value and their place in the literature of fiction. The Vicar of Wakefield and Evaline, albeit far below Ivanhoe and Esmond, may not be accounted as rubbish on that account. What we must lay to heart, as the lesson of the present great revival of romance, is that it shows how persistent are the elemental traits of human taste and how permanently powerful is the effect of historical distance and heroic action when depicted with artistic enthusiasm. The greatest pictures are historical pictures, the greatest dramas are historical dramas, the greatest epics, odes, ballads are set in historical frames and breathe the romantic spirit; and what is true of painting, sculpture, drama and song is just as true of the novel and the romance. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

An excursion is a fine thing. It makes one so glad to get back home.

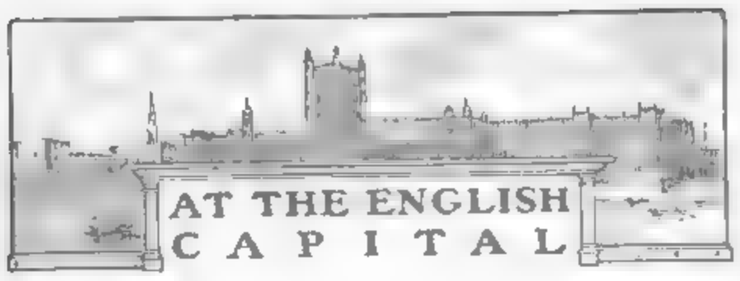
The Cowardice of Capital

CAPITAL is probably the only thing that pleads its own cowardice as an excuse for protection. Every time there is a flurry in politics that affects capital, it not only prepares to run to cover, but calmly announces the program of its flight. It goes even further than this. In periods of great prosperity it often looks ahead and predicts the times when it will have to go in hiding, leaving those dependent upon it to get along the best they can.

Of course there are splendid exceptions to this general rule, and these exceptions save crises and keep good men from going to the wall. It is by them that large fortunes and great successes are made, because, as in everything else, timidity in financial affairs misses the large prizes, and often fails by its own weakness. There is no reason why all capital should not be courageous. The country is great, but it will become greater in spite of any periods of depression. The world is rich, but it will grow richer in spite of wars. And beyond the policy of confidence is the duty that wealth owes to mankind, the duty of the strong protecting the weak. Thousands of undertakings have been sacrificed by cowardice. There is scarcely a single success that has not at some moment in its life been close to failure, and it was only the exceptional good fortune of having behind it capital with courage that enabled it to get beyond danger.

In this period of prosperity it is most necessary that capital, which is making huge profits, should cultivate that courage which will enable it to cheerfully face those possible reactions which inevitably follow great outputs of activity, so that if the rainy days come it will not withdraw its protection, but will do its duty. In a nation of heroes, capitalists should not be the only cowards.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.



Sir Thomas Lipton, who owns the yacht Shamrock and has challenged for the America [illegible] prides himself on his American training in business [illegible] first time he crossed to the United States he went in the steerage of a slow-going steamer; the last time he went it was as owner of the costliest racing yacht that ever crossed the ocean. America did not graft upon him all his cleverness, however. On his first visit, when the steamer touched the dock at New York, Lipton saw his chance to make a little money. He was practically a pauper, and even a little ready cash was to him a fortune. None of his fellow emigrants knew New York, so Lipton leaped ashore, and, running at top speed, made into the first boarding house he came to. "How much per head will you give me for all lodgers I bring you?" he breathlessly inquired. "A quarter," answered the man. Lipton did not know how much a quarter was, but, realizing it must be something, he rushed back to where the emigrants were clustered upon the quay, not knowing which way to turn. "Come along with me," he called out cheerfully; "I know a rattling good lodging-house up this way, where they take you in cheap." Quite a party followed him. The twenty-five-cent pieces handed him by the landlord of that lodging-house were the first money he earned in America

The other morning a bewildered postman struggled up the Alpine heights that overlook the lovely Oxted Valley and delivered the following letter to Mr. Robert Barr

"The Bulletin Press
"No. 23 Duane Street, New York

[illegible] Photographer,
Hillhead, Woodingham, Surrey

"*Dear Sir:* We are preparing a series of slides on the subject, Homes of Famous American Authors, and one of our best-known American novelists, Mr. Robert Barr, now resides in your section. Would you kindly send us a photograph of the home of Mr. Barr, and if possible with Mr. Barr in the view?

"You may send this picture *via* the International Express Company, who will collect from us on delivery."

Mr. Barr replied as follows:

"*Gentlemen:* Yours of June 16 has fallen into my hands—after a struggle. It was addressed to 'The Leading Photographer in Hillhead,' and therefore I laid claim to it. Hillhead is not a town, as The Bulletin Press seems to think, but is the title of my ancestral estate, which I acquired by purchase four years ago. The Ancient Hall in which I reside was built by me three and a half years since, and therefore I think that if any man has the right to photograph it that man is me. But my son, aged sixteen, more or less, has the cheek to say that he is the leading photographer in this house, which pretension I repudiate with scorn. Why, I photographed him when he was in short clothes and wouldn't sit still and smile as directed, and I have the picture to prove it! I suspect that your generous offer to pay for the negatives of myself and house is at the root of his preposterous contention that your letter was intended for him. I think the person who is photographed is the one who ought to get the boodle.

"However, here are six films of Jack and the house that Jack built, photographed by the boy, and if any one can take worse photographs than these are I should like to see a specimen of the work."

It may not be generally known that once upon a time Lord Salisbury, Premier of England, had little chance of coming to the possessions and high estate of his present position. Before certain deaths unexpectedly made him heir to the then Marquis of Salisbury, the present Prime Minister roughed it in the goldfields of Australia, and not striking it rich there, came back to London and worked as a newspaper man. Occupying the same editorial room with him, and writing alternate leaders, was Charles Williams, now the dean of English war correspondents. In those days Lord Salisbury was very fond of beer. So was Charles Williams. Instead of each man sending out for his own beer, they agreed to be hospitable, the one to the other, by taking alternate nights to stand the beer. Fortune came to Salisbury, he drifted into politics, became Marquis and Prime Minister, and Williams, usually far from London, wherever the blood flower war blossomed, saw nothing of the more fortunate journalist for years. Salisbury is a haughty and exclusive man, and Williams thought he was quite forgotten. Happening to be in the lobby of the House of Lords one night, Williams saw Lord Salisbury making for him. Holding out his hand to the grizzly war correspondent, Lord Salisbury said: "By the way, Mr. Williams, whose turn is it to stand the beer?"

Lady Randolph Churchill's son has been standing for Parliament as a Tory, and along with his Tory colleague was handsomely beaten. Lady Randolph was, before her marriage, Miss Jerome, of New York, so her son is half American. At one of the meetings, when the cordial relations between America and England came up, young Churchill told his hearers how proud he was to be, in a way, an emblem of the union of the two great English-speaking peoples, for he was half-and half. Next night he had a few words to say on international arbitration. To be sure, he said all good of the scheme, and instanced, as a beautiful example of the blessedness of arbitration, the Alabama award. Suddenly a tall man in working clothes arose and in a plaintive voice chirped out: "Will the speaker tell us what half of him is now speaking?"

This is a true story of a lordly verger and an humble Earl. The Earl of Rosebery, who followed Mr. Gladstone as leader of the Liberal party as long as the Liberal party would follow him, is not a man of mighty stature physically, whatever he may be mentally. He is an enthusiastic supporter of the Greater Britain that lies outside of the home islands, and so when it came to unveiling a bust of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, long time Premier of Canada, Rosebery consented to deliver the oration. The bust is in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, close to the famous inscription to the memory of Sir Christopher Wren, and in a confined space a great many people were packed. A lordly verger kept the people back from the box on which Lord Rosebery was to stand while speaking. Presently a rather stout, rather short man began to elbow his way through the crowd and, succeeding, skipped into the clear space. The verger rushed up, and, hustling him back, whispered excitedly, "You mustn't come in here, sir; this space is kept for Lord Rosebery, sir." The short man smiled and said resignedly, "Unfortunately, I am Lord Rosebery." He mounted the box and delivered his oration.

Justice Sir Henry Hawkins, who has lately retired from the bench, and has been raised to the peerage, was long known as England's hanging Judge. He could pass the sentence of death without moving a muscle—many Judges come close to breaking down when they have to don the black cap—and on evildoers he invariably came down heavier than the proverbial thousand of bricks. But, strange to say, he was popular with the great criminal classes of England, they came as close to idolizing him as it is possible for natures such as theirs to come. Sir Henry was, and still is, a confirmed race-course visitor. On the days of classic races his court was sure to be closed, and Sir Henry was to be found mixing with the great ones of the course.

One day Mr. Justice Hawkins when on a journey alighted at a station, and the moment his foot touched the platform a tough-looking fellow, who had been standing at ease, caught sight of the celebrated Judge. Instantly the savage man became all activity. He rushed forward to assist Mr. Hawkins with his luggage and behaved in a most friendly way. Struck by his friendliness and bustle, Hawkins said: "You seem to be very anxious to assist me."

"I am, sir," answered the man, "for you once did me a good turn."

"Oh, indeed! When was that?"

"When ye 'ung Crooked Billy," replied the man. "Me and Billy once was pals but we fell out, and Billy said as 'ow next time 'e chopped eyes on me 'e'd do for me with a knife. I knowed Billy and knowed 'e'd do as he said, and so 'e would if you 'adn't 'ung 'im in time. So I'd like to do you a good turn, too, Sir 'Enry."

The Queen is a close reader of the newspapers and likes to see exactly what the press is saying of her and hers. She will not have this information filter through other people's minds and get watered down before reaching her, but takes the comments straight. Her Majesty must have been both surprised and amused to read in the Daily Chronicle this account of her visit to Bagshot:

"Princess Victoria, of Sleswick-Holstein, dressed in simple white, stood by the Queen's phaeton, while the pony pawed impatiently and chatted to Her Majesty."

This beats Balaam's ass easily; but perhaps the pony had some words to say to the venerable lady concerning the Queen's erratic grandson, Emperor William. William, who would much like to run the universe, finds one of the principal obstacles to the gratification of his wishes is his grandmother. The Queen has quite as strong, if not so erratic, a will as William, and she will not put up with his guidance, much less his dictation. She keeps the young ruler rigidly in his place, and has let him understand that when it comes to sucking eggs his grandmother knows how to perform the operation quite as well as he.

The grandson occasionally gets huffy and does something to show that he's displeased, but the Queen goes on her way quite untroubled. She just lets her grandson William get over his soreness and come out into the light again. At the time of writing, William is in a violent huff because the Queen did not want him to come to England for her birthday, and asked him to cross the North Sea for the Cowes yachting week instead. The Emperor has let people know that he will not meet her at Cowes. But the information does not appear to have worried the old lady the least little bit.

—ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.

LULLABY

By

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

KIVER up yo' haid, my little lady,
Hyeah de win' a blowin' out o' do's.
Don' you kick, ner projick wid de comfo't,
Less a fros'll bite yo' little toes.
Shut yo' eyes, an' snuggle up to mammy
Gi' me bofe yo' han's, I hol' 'em tight
Don' you be afeard, an' 'mence to trimble
Des ez soon ez I blows out de light

Angels is a-mindin' you, my baby,
Keepin' off de Bad Man in de night.
What de use o' bein' skeered o' nuffin'?
You don' fink de da'kness gwine to bite?
What de crackin' soun' you hyeah erroun' you?—
Lawsy, chile, you tickles me to def!—
Dat's de man what brings de fros', a paintin'
Pictes on de winder wid his bref

Mammy ain' afeard, you hyeah huh laffin'?
Go' way, Mistah Fros', you can't come in;
Baby ain' erceivin' folks dis evenin',
Reckon dat you'll have to call ag'in.
Curl yo' little toes up so, my possum—
Umph, but you's a cunnin' one fu' true!—
Go to sleep, de angels is a-watchin'
An' yo' mammy 's mindin' of you, too.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I have been much interested in reading the Maxims that Have Made Millions as given in your excellent paper, and a perusal of them has suggested the advisability of reducing to paper some general rules for a successful business career and maxims for a happy and useful life, with the result as given below:

1. Strive to know everything about something, and something about everything; be a constant reader of good books and current literature.

2. Be temperate, industrious and courageous; dare to be high.

3. Life is short, therefore waste no time; be punctual in keeping engagements.

4. Exercise in the open air and take good care of your health, for wealth without health is not happiness.

5. Be truthful in your statements, promise no more than you are sure you can perform, and elicit the confidence of others by fair dealing. Character is capital.

6. Be neat in your appearance but not extravagant in your habits, and always live within your means. Owe no man; pay as you can be paid on demand. "Save without parsimony; spend without lavishness"—judicious economy is beneficial to both mind and morals.

7. Be courteous to all, at all times, and keep your own counsel.

8. In investments, look more to principal than to interest, and remember that peace of mind is worth more than silver and gold.

9. True success is not measured by material wealth alone. Be charitable, and remember there is no use for money in the next world.

A CONSTANT READER.
East Orange, New Jersey.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I was very much interested in the article in your magazine, Maxims that Have Made Millions, and I should like to ask if a man in business can get rich—that is, make a fortune of $100,000 or more—and conduct his business on the principle contained in the Golden Rule.

From my experience and observation of the past twenty years I should have to answer no. I have seen a little of the methods of some whose names are on that page, and, if they are responsible for the methods of their agents and associates, parts of their fortunes were not made in accordance with that rule. I think the Golden Rule workable and would like to see it tried.

B. J. S.
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I have just read with deep interest the excellent article in a recent issue by Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, on The Misgovernment of the Modern City, and I write to thank you for it. Such contributions widely published and read, and their substance taught from the pulpit, in the school and in the home, will help to usher in the day of good government in municipal and State, and will help government also in the smaller circles of home and public school.

I. J. SPENCER,
Pastor Central Christian Church.
Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. Robert Ellis Thompson, in speaking of the Land of Least Happiness, strikes many strong notes which I think follow the same theme. The American people look at that which they have not rather than that which they have. We, as a nation, make our mark high and are never content, even when we have reached our goal.

At this date the faculty of being content should be taught the younger generation rather than allowing them to become over-ambitious.

J. CLYDE MARQUIS.
Canaan, Indiana.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Education does breed discontent. Otherwise it would fail as a factor in life. Without discontent there would be no strife, no progress. But there are two well-defined classes of self-dissatisfaction. Many are not pleased with themselves, having all of the advantages an education affords, because they lack that very necessary quality of application and self-mastery, without which knowledge is in vain.

Between self-confidence and self-esteem, however, there is a great distinction. The man who believes in himself bends his every aim toward a certain goal and directs the thoughts of others by his own mind. The man of self-conceit only wants the world to see him as he fancies himself to be.

The training in early life should be toward self-dependence. The child should be taught to know his own judgment and to believe in his own power, and it is only after these qualities have been thoroughly established that a special course of learning should be undertaken.

WALTER A. W[illegible]
New Richmond, Indiana.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. Thompson says truly that education is not an evil. But whether it increases happiness or engenders discontent is a question of temperament.

When mind and spirit are properly adjusted, so that the will is subject to the spirit, education makes the mind more serviceable and adds to its capacity for pleasure. Knowledge may disquiet the spirit with a striving for better things, yet it is a noble discontent, which aims at worthier work and greater usefulness, and is recompensed by the pleasure of achievement. When, on the other hand, one is made unhappy by education and becomes dissatisfied with the life for which one is best fitted, it is evidence that there is want of proper balance—a lack of common sense.

If, from the rarity of this homely quality, educators oftener bring discontent than increase of happiness, the blame must rest with the individual.

OCTAVIA ZOLLICOFFER BOND.
Crestview, Tennessee.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

C. P. Huntington asserts the American to be over-educated, but Mr. Maurice Thompson is right in saying that the trouble is not over-education, but wrong education.

The sons and daughters of working people, who are sent from home for the higher education, find an atmosphere, if not direct teaching, entirely antagonistic to the "humble" labor of their class.

In many a college town the farmer is an especial target for ridicule, and the farmer-bred boy soon learns to join in the laugh. The attitude of mind assumed by him unfits him for the work of his fathers, and his higher education, unfortunately, has not given him the capacity for anything else. Thus these young people are left to face a life of sure disaster because the groundwork of all knowing has been omitted from their course of study. Agricultural colleges and manual training schools, in which are taught the honor and beauty of any work well done, are movements in the right direction.

E.

The ECCENTRICITIES of GENIUS
II-FAMOUS WOMEN
By Major J.B.Pond

ANNA E. DICKINSON, from her first appearance until she retired from the lecture field, was without question the "Queen of the Lyceum." She made her *début* as a speaker early in the war. Attending a Quaker secular meeting, or a Woman's Rights meeting held under Quaker auspices, when she was hardly out of short clothes, she heard a man make a bitter, sarcastic speech in opposition to giving women equal political rights

I got madder and madder," said Anna, in telling the story, "and just as soon as he sat down I jumped up like a Jack-in-a-box and began to reply to his tirade As I spoke I left the pew and walked down the aisle to where he sat, and shook my fist in his face as I continued to answer him. I had no idea of speaking at all, and was as much astonished as any body at what I did

That settled it for me was no escaping destiny after that The speech astonished every one who heard it by its splendid rhetoric and logical force She was invited everywhere. When Fort Sumter was fired on, she found her true vocation She took the stump for the Republicans in New England, and created a cyclone of patriotic enthusiasm wherever she went. The Democrats gave her the credit of changing Vermont from a Democratic to a Republican State

Miss Kellogg fits out the piano-tuner with an elaborate bow of black crêpe

She went from there to Connecticut, and was equally successful in rousing political patriotism and in urging men to volunteer. East and West, wherever she appeared in the Northern States, the same story was told. Everywhere she was recognized as an oratorical Joan of Arc

During and after the war she lectured in regular courses, and became so popular that only Gough and Beecher rivaled her as a lyceum favorite. But it was on war topics that she was heard at her best. Then, in pleading for the Union, she spoke and looked like one inspired, and never failed to thrill and enthrall her audiences. In vituperation and denunciation she had no rival among living orators. In politics she had a "level head." The power of her arguments was only surpassed by the force of her anathemas

This great woman had a passion for the stage, and after having established a just claim to be regarded as one of the greatest actors in a true sense in her country's history, she yearned to win the reputation of a great player on the mimic stage. Of course she failed. The stern and stalwart personality, the imperious individuality that made her a great factor in the history of her day, disqualified her for excellency on the stage, but not even her most devoted friends could conceal or deny the fact that she was a dead failure

MRS. HOWE IS A GREAT TRAVELER

Julia Ward Howe comes from a long line of Puritan ancestry. She was an ardent worker in the anti-slavery cause. In 1856–7 she and her husband, Doctor Howe, edited an anti-slavery paper, The Boston Commonwealth, and were leaders with Garrison, Sumner, Phillips, Higginson and Theodore Parker. It was Doctor and Mrs. Howe who brought about meetings in Boston for the discussion of the problems of the Abolitionists on one side and pro-slavery on the other. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, who boasted that he would hold his slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, and Colonel Sam Houston, of Texas, took part. "I remember," said Mrs. Howe, "we had lively times."

In 1861 Mrs. Howe wrote the Battle-Hymn of the Republic. She presented to me the manuscript, which I have yet. She is past eighty years of age, and yet if I said to her, "Mrs. Howe, I have an engagement for you to speak in Omaha next Monday night," she would be there.

She is a great traveler and a great woman, and still available for the lyceum

Mrs. Howe has devoted her life untiringly to everything that elevates humanity. For thirty years she has been lecturing in all parts of the United States, and has always shown herself the elegant, well bred, highly educated woman.

She has lectured before the Parisians in the French language; also in Florence, Italy. During her last visit to Rome she preached two sermons.

THE GREATEST ACTRESS OF HER TIME

Miss Charlotte Cushman was on the stage forty years. The last twenty-five of these years she was the greatest actress of her time. She died in the Parker House, Boston, February, 1876. I started for Kings Chapel, from where she was buried, at 8.30, and found the little church and neighboring thoroughfares thronged with the sorrowing multitude waiting with the hope of getting just one view of the casket which contained the remains of their departed friend.

Miss Cushman's memory is still green. Her cottage at Newport and her grave at Mount Auburn are among the first objects inquired for by visitors to these places.

The last two years of her public life were devoted to public reading. In that department she was without a rival—Fanny Kemble having retired to private life—and in simplicity, personal magnetism, humor and stalwart force of execution her readings have never been equaled. In the autumn of 1874 she gave six readings in Chicago for Messrs. Carpenter & Sheldon, managers of the Star Course, for which they paid her $5000. The readings took place in McCormick's Hall, on the north side of the city The gross receipts for those six readings aggregated upward of $17,000.

It was in 1857; I was a tramping printer. I had come down from Kansas seeking employment on the daily papers in St. Louis. It was the year of the great financial panic. There were so many printers out of work that those having steady employment yielded half of their time to "subs."

A TWENTY-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE FOR THE CALL-BOY

At the house where I boarded I sat next to the prompter of The People's Theatre, an old man, the most popular prompter ever known to the profession, Jimmie Anderson. I took to the old fellow and he was very nice to me. One evening he invited me to the theatre, on the stage, where I stood beside him and saw Neafie in the Corsican Brothers. I walked home with the old fellow after the theatre. Before retiring that night he told me that the office of call-boy in the theatre was vacant, and I might have it—seven dollars a week. I began the following Monday. Charlotte Cushman opened that night with Lady Macbeth. It was the first time I ever saw her.

During the play Miss Cushman came to Mr. Anderson somewhat excited, saying, "Jimmie"—they all called him Jimmie—"the boy who carried my basket to-night left early by the way. That basket contains most of my jewels. I must have somebody that I can rely upon who will walk faithfully by my side."

Anxious to earn an extra dollar, I hunched old Jimmie, and he turned around and spoke very savagely to me

"Will you do it?"

"Yes," said I.

So that night I walked home with Charlotte Cushman, the great actress, carrying her basket at her side to her room in the Planters' House

I did this until Saturday, when I was taken ill and obliged to send a substitute, who brought the basket on Saturday night

After the play, when the lights were turned off with the exception of the star's dressing-room, I was curled up on the stage among a lot of scenery. I heard Miss Cushman, coming out of her room, say:

"Where is that boy who carried my basket?"

I replied, "Here."

She walked across the stage, piloted by the night watchman with his lantern, and reaching out her hand to me, said "I hope you are not going to be ill," and placed a coin in my hands.

I scratched about and got to where there was sufficient light to discover that I was the owner of a twenty-dollar gold piece.

I changed my lodging that night

THE TWENTY GROWS TO A THOUSAND

I did not meet Miss Cushman personally after that until 1874–5. I was giving entertainments in the Boston Theatre, which were meeting with very great success. I thought of Charlotte Cushman, and telegraphed her at Newport, offering $1000 if she would give a reading in the Boston Theatre. She accepted.

The night of the reading I was so busy that I did not have an opportunity to place in Miss Cushman's hands the envelope containing the certified check for $1000. It was not until after the performance that I went to her hotel and sent up my card. The bell-boy returned with the answer, "Miss Cushman says show the gentleman up."

Miss Cushman met me very cordially in her room. She was in a very happy mood, as the theatre had been crowded with people

"Miss Cushman," I said, "I intended to hand this envelope to you on the platform, but I was so busy in front of the house that I could not get an opportunity. Please pardon me."

"Oh, that is all right, Major Pond. Sit down and have some supper." (Stars always have supper after their performances.)

During the conversation at the table I said: "Miss Cushman, that $1000 check of this evening is the interest on twenty dollars that you invested in me in 1857."

Then I related the incident of the twenty-dollar gold piece which she gave me when I was sick back of the stage in St. Louis

"Are you that boy?" she asked, with a reminiscent smile

"Yes," said I, smiling back, "the very boy."

"Well, I am glad to see you. I have often wondered if you survived."

We were both glad

THE MANY GIFTS OF MISS KELLOGG

Of our American lyric artists of this generation there is no name that has carried more weight than that of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, born and educated in America, gifted with one of the sweetest voices ever heard, endowed with common sense, energy, and character above reproach. She was educated in the French, German, Italian and English languages. Her musical talent amounted to genius, and she translated a repertoire of standard Italian operas into English. She made her *début* in the Academy of Music, in New York, in 1862. She was at once a favorite, and held first place as an American prima donna for twenty years without a peer. She was a thoroughly sensible business woman. She was sought after in society more than any of our singers. She was a sincere and devoted lover of her art. Her personal friends were among the choicest people we have; she was never in any company that was not the best She read the newspapers, and took an active part in all important national issues. She was a brilliant conversationalist. She never wanted a great guarantee for singing where there was no cash in the house. She made money for herself and her manager. She made a fortune and retired. She owns a pretty summer house in Connecticut.

She has been an honor to her profession, her sex and her country. She possesses all the qualifications that the word lady implies. Her associate artists respected, admired and loved her. Miss Kellogg is an expert on the banjo, and is very fond of negro songs.

Many and many an evening when we had an off night, or were spending Sunday in some poor hotel, she would get the company together in the parlor, and if there happened to be a piano she would give us an evening of song and music in which the principals of the company would join, and the doors would be thrown open and the corridors and adjoining rooms thronged with guests, who were delighted with an entertainment that wealth and managerial skill could never produce

Her speaking voice was almost as agreeable to listen to as her singing voice, and she was an admired attraction wherever she happened to be. In the hotel parlors, or in a box at the opera, she was invariably surrounded by groups of charmed listeners. She was the Good Samaritan, too. Having studied medicine, she carried a little case of standard remedies. If one of the singers was threatened with a cold she could always nip it in the bud. If an accident occurred, she had bandages and necessary supplies to bring relief.

DECORATING A MOURNER'S GRIEF

She could comfort the distressed. Here is an instance: On our arrival at St. Paul, while waiting in the hotel parlors to be assigned to our rooms, William, our piano-tuner, came to me with tears running down his face. He was in deep distress; he must leave us at once and go back to New York. His brother had died. Miss Kellogg, seeing the poor fellow, immediately came to his relief.

"What is it, William?" she asked.

"My brother is dead. I must go home."

"When did he die?" asked Miss Kellogg

"I did not get the letter until just now. It has been forwarded from Omaha. He has been buried two weeks."

Miss Kellogg tried to persuade him that he could be of no assistance in hurrying home now, that in a short time we would all be back, and he would be better off to remain

"Dear Mr. Beecher, how do you do?"

Editor's Note This is the second in a series of four papers by Major Pond on The Eccentricities of Genius The first, Famous Orators I Have Known, appeared in the Post of August 19; the remaining two will follow at intervals of a fortnight

with the company. Besides, we could not spare him, as there was no one to take his place. He was persistent, being a sort of superstitious young German.

Miss Kellogg said at last: "Now, William, come with me."

She walked out with him to a dry-goods store, bought a piece of black crêpe, and tied it on his arm in a very elaborate bow. She made him get a silk hat and have it trimmed with crêpe. In half an hour William was back among us, decorated in full mourning and completely consoled. The entire company were sympathizing with him. He was happy, and the rest of us were very much tickled.

Clara Louise Kellogg knows the way to every human heart, from the most humble to the most high.

THE VERSATILITY OF MRS. LIVERMORE

I first saw Mrs. Mary A. Livermore in Chicago, in 1860, among the reporters, when Abraham Lincoln was nominated for President. Her first broad experience of the war was at Fort Donelson, among the wounded and dying soldiers. She was the chief organizer of the United States Sanitary and Christian Commission. She helped to raise over thirty millions of dollars for the relief of the soldiers in our hospitals. She conducted colossal sanitary fairs in all of our large cities, and then made a history of them at their close.

For twenty-five years Mrs. Livermore has been the most conspicuous of women orators on the lecture platform. Hers was the first woman's name on the list of the Redpath Bureau. She has the widest range of topics of any woman lecturer—biographical, historical, political, religious and reformatory. She has lectured on an average of one hundred times a year in the lyceums, besides over one thousand times on temperance and a thousand times on Woman's Suffrage, for she has always advocated the enfranchisement of her sex, with her other work. She has traveled more miles than any woman living. She can preach as well as lecture. I have known her to travel and lecture six nights a week, and when she returned from a long lecturing tour she would tell us of having preached twice on nearly every Sunday during her absence, besides morning addresses before schools and societies of women.

Mrs. Livermore has written many useful books. Now past threescore and ten, her active, earnest life has kept her young. She is an ideal of womanhood.

"THE MOST LOVED WOMAN IN THE LAND"

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth is another great woman, as much in demand at the present time as any of those just mentioned were in their palmiest days.

Mrs. Booth is the ablest woman orator in America. Her cause is the most worthy. She has something to say and knows how to say it. She is the most loved woman in the land, as well as the most attractive of all our public speakers. She has fire and magnetism, and gifts of oratory of the highest order. She has deep convictions, high purpose, burning earnestness, which are essential for success.

HELEN POTTER AS A MONEY-MAKER

Miss Helen Potter personated favorites of the lyceum to such perfection that she crowded the music halls in Boston and Philadelphia. The entertainment was entirely novel, and eminently popular. It consisted of readings, chiefly humorous and heroic, well chosen, dramatic, and in costume. They were "lyceum personations," not only of the manner, but rhetoric, of distinguished lecturers and elocutionists.

Miss Potter's personations of John B. Gough were so perfect, the wig, beard and masculine garments so well chosen and so well arranged, and his peculiarities of voice and manner so faithfully represented, that the audience often forgot it was a personation and thought that they were listening to Gough himself.

Miss Potter made a fortune with her entertainment. She cleared over $20,000 her second season, was a favorite for about eight years, and then retired. She has no successor.

HOW EMMA ABBOTT BEGAN

"Honest little Emma" is what George Lake called Emma Abbott. I first knew this child singer in 1867. She was a member of a concert company. It was not a bad company, either—at least, Chicagoans thought so. It consisted of

Mrs. Frank Lombard.....Soprano
Little Emma Abbott, the child wonder. .....Song and Guitar
L. J. Boutwell.....Tenor
Tom Corwin.....Basso

In Appleton, where I lived, I managed the concerts, which were then considered a great success. The receipts were about seventy-five dollars. Tickets, twenty-five cents. The party spent Sunday in Appleton, and in the afternoon we had the child wonder and her guitar at our house. My critical musical ear had not fully developed at that time. I thought the staccato pyrotechnics, and the deep alto, and all the intermediate notes, mixed with the thunder and lightning and other noises of the instrument, the most wonderful of anything I had ever yet seen and heard. Everybody present seemed to be affected as severely as I was. Mr. Corwin told me this girl was certain of becoming one of the world's greatest opera singers some day. I did not understand all he meant then, any more than I did that some day I would be living in New York or Boston, and would be glad to pay this child wonder $500 for her first concert on her return to America, after having become a "finished artist," as Emma styled herself.

SINGING EIGHT OPERAS IN ONE WEEK

Miss Abbott's name found favor all over the country. She made friends with the churches, lodges and societies of all kinds. Her company was generally known as the attraction for the opening of new opera houses all over the country. No combination ever traveled more miles or endured more hardships than the Abbott Opera Company, and no company of artists ever worked for such pittance of salaries. No artist ever worked harder than Miss Abbott. She would often sing seven and sometimes eight operas a week. She required no artist to do more than she did herself.

She was a conspicuous auditor on every public occasion that gave opportunity. At fairs, races, ball games, athletic tournaments she seldom failed to receive demonstrations of recognition, and was invariably so noticed in the press the following day. She steered clear of metropolitan cities. Her value was in smaller cities and country opera houses, where she drew large crowds with light expenses. She has done Martha with an orchestra of a piano, violin and cornet, and seldom had an orchestra of over six. I saw and heard her in Louisville, in Romeo and Juliet, with an orchestra of seven, and the house packed to its fullest capacity.

This reminds me of an incident in Louisville. I was there with Henry Ward Beecher on a Saturday night. Miss Abbott and her company were at another theatre. I attended the Abbott matinée that afternoon. I wanted to see Miss Abbott as Juliet (Castle as Romeo), and to see and hear the "Abbott kiss," which was their great advertising feature that season. I saw it all. Abbott was in her wonderful, heavy lace Juliet dress, and her blond wig with the two immense heavy braids that trailed with her skirt. It was wholly an Abbott occasion, and little to attract attention to any other members of the company. The time arrived for the kiss. It came. It was a success. It was real, and the smack sounded to the remotest nook of the gallery.

So that night I walked home with Charlotte Cushman, the great actress, carrying her basket of jewels

After the performance that afternoon I rode to the hotel in a carriage with Miss Abbott and her husband, Eugene Wetherell, to the Galt House, where we all three dined together. I had reserved a box for them at the Mercantile Library Hall lecture in the evening, which was crowded to hear Mr. Beecher. I remained near the door until some time after the lecture began, watching for "Honest Little Emma" to appear.

EMMA'S ASTOUNDING CALL ON BEECHER

The lecture was about half through when something happened. The attention of the audience was attracted to the front of the house. All of a sudden there came walking down the centre aisle Miss Emma Abbott in her Juliet make-up and wig, the trail fairly sweeping the aisle. Walking down to the orchestra rail, she turned and walked in front of the audience to the box which was on the left of the stage, and which she might have easily reached by the side aisle without observation.

After the great wave of interruption had spent itself, Mr. Beecher continued his lecture to the end, when Miss Abbott leaped from the box, rushed for Mr. Beecher, in whose church she had formerly sung in Brooklyn, exclaiming:

"Dear Mr. Beecher, how do you do? You must excuse my Juliet make-up and dress and wig. I felt that I must see you, and I rushed from the opera over here without changing my dress, fearing I should miss you."

She had not seen the theatre since five o'clock, as she had a double company, and in the evening the opera of Carmen was given with Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald (now of the Bostonians) and Tom Karl as principals. The little fraud! It is reported that she left a fortune of over half a million dollars.

God in His World

By WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D.

I HAVE written at the head of these paragraphs the title of one of the most original and suggestive of modern religious books. I do not wish to speak of the book at this time; I desire merely to emphasize the title. Nothing new is conveyed by this phrase, but it gathers into a compact form a truth which we may well take with us in our vacation days, and from which, when we have once kept company with it for a season, we shall never again be parted. There is nothing new in the phrase, and yet there shines from it the light of a larger revelation than the world has yet received.

For myself, I must confess that this phrase is constantly recurring to me; at many a turn of thought it flashes its light in my path; into many a cloudy solution of ideas it brings instant crystalline clearness.

God is in His world. We have always been saying something of the kind, but have we really believed it? Of course we have used a large word which was supposed to convey this meaning—Omnipresence—but it was a metaphysical conception; it represented to us no reality. Or, if we gave any definite meaning to it, it signified to us a spiritual presence hovering over the world like an atmosphere. But the meaning which is conveyed by the phrase, "God in His world," is vastly larger than this. We now begin to understand that God did not "make" the world six thousand years ago—installing then a system of laws and forces, and since then, in Carlyle's words, "sitting on the outside of His universe and seeing it go." We realize that His creation is rather a continuous process going on as mightily and miraculously before our eyes to-day as it ever was in any creation morning; that the whole world is alive in every part with God. "All the things that we can see and know in the course of our life in this world," says Mr. John Fiske, "are so intimately woven together that nothing could be left out without reducing the whole marvelous scheme to chaos. Whatever else may be true, the conviction is brought home to us that in all this endless multifariousness there is one single principle at work, that all is tending toward an end that was involved from the very beginning, if we can speak of beginnings and ends where the process is eternal. The whole universe is animated by a single principle of life, and whatever we may see in it, whether to our half-trained understanding and narrow experience it may seem to be good or bad, is an indispensable part of the stupendous scheme."

This is the truth which science is forcing upon our thought. The unity of Nature is the postulate of all scientific reasoning, and the significance of that unity, as now to comprehensive students of Nature it is beginning to appear, is momentous. We have been afraid to make much of this truth for fear that we should be called Pantheists; but we need be no more Pantheistic than the Hebrew Psalmists were, or than Saint Paul and Saint John confessed themselves to be. To find that the whole world to-day lives and moves and has its being in God is not to deny His transcendency. Your friend is revealed to you by the light in his eye, the lines of his countenance, the words that he speaks, the intonations of his voice, the manifestations of his spirit in the deeds done in the body; but the recognition of him in the flesh does not involve the belief that he can have no life apart from the flesh.

To find God in His world is not to assume that He has no life apart from this world. But the higher Pantheism which discerns Him there has a foundation for faith far stronger than the old theology ever gave us. The old manner of thinking made the world the antithesis of God; in much of our common thought there lurked a kind of dualism. Science has forever put an end to that conception, and has forced us to regard the universe as "the multiform manifestation of a single, all-pervading Deity," and thus, says Mr. Fiske, "we become for the first time pure and uncompromising Monotheists—believing in the ever-living, unchangeable and all-wise Heavenly Father, in whom we may declare our trust without the faintest trace of mental reservation."

It is this recognition of God in His world which makes life so serious and so marvelous a thing. In the face of this conception, the old distinction between the sacred and the secular becomes meaningless; we are standing all the while in the presence-chamber of God; we are co-workers with Him in everything we do. And what fellowship there is for us, if we will only let these great thoughts take possession of our minds! In the silence of the great mountains, on the shores of the mighty ocean, on the banks of the placid river, there may come to us as to Wordsworth:

> "A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

The Making of a Journalist

By JULIAN RALPH

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Paper No. IV

A GREAT deal of nonsense and a great deal more of falsehood has been written about the once American habit of interviewing. I say the "once American" habit, because, while it grew to its present proportions as an institution in America, it is now the resort and delight of journalists all over Christendom. This had to be. In no other way can either public or private demands be satisfied where authoritative news and views are in demand than by the interview—except in the case of the London Times, which has gained, for its occasional utterances upon public affairs, the reputation of their being "inspired."

If M. Zola spends three months in England we do not want to hear from a reporter what he thinks of the country. He alone can tell us, and if it does not occur to him to do so of his own accord we must send and interview him. A journalist's account of what a great man thinks and feels is only slightly more valuable than a promising novel broken off by a great novelist's death and finished by a friend or some hack hired by a publisher. The feature of interviewing which most laymen fail to understand is that, seven in ten times, the man who is interviewed is glad of the chance to speak. The few who did not wish it when they were asked have said so much against the practice as to make most of us overlook the fact that 100 or 1000 were interviewed, and wanted to be interviewed, for every one who declined.

When a man is full of a subject, or in dire trouble, or has set the world agog by some uncommon feat, he needs an outlet and welcomes the interviewer. The interviewer is to such a man what a safety-valve is to an idle boiler under pressure. An occurrence in the family of a late Lord High Chancellor of England once aroused the interest of the English-speaking world, and a correspondent attempted to interview another man who was concerned in the affair. "Why talk to me? Why not ask the Lord High Chancellor?" this person asked. "I will," replied the correspondent, and left the other man grinning at what he deemed the preposterous idea he had suggested. Nevertheless, the Lord High Chancellor granted his visitor a two-column interview. He had been anxious to free his mind and the visit of the correspondent occurred just as he was most in the mood.

INTERVIEWING CHIEF CROWFOOT

Crowfoot, the last great redskin chief of Canada, the head of the Canadian branch of the powerful Blackfeet tribe, was once interviewed in my presence by a deputation of ladies. He was a splendid man, kingly in every respect. He looked like the portraits of Julius Cæsar. He had commanded his nation in the days when the red Indians were the undisputed rulers of the best and biggest part of a continent, and had fought against incessant, ever-increasing odds, until, at last, his vassals had been pauperized by the government of the whites, careless, if not ignorant, of the valuable uses to which these finest savages the world has known could easily have been put. But, to the last, he was never less a king in spirit and bearing than when his tribe was exterminating its only rivals.

When the white women came to interview him he was seated in a railway sleeping-car upon a spotless white blanket stretched over a bed. He wore eagle plumes in his long, jet hair. His coat was a huge bit of jewelry, being entirely covered with beads—snow-white, with a blazing sun worked upon its back and an elaborate design in colors upon its front. His two half-trousers were also of white beads, as rich as ivory or silver, patterned in blue and red. His moccasins were such that a collector would give fifty dollars for them to-day. It was all I could do to lift this royal suit of clothing when I saw it afterward lying upon the ground in his tepee.

As the three white women advanced toward him he threw from his face the sober expression which he usually wore, and smiled his welcome to them. I have always said, since I knew the red man in the waning splendor of his glory, that no more perfect gentleman has ever been created, and this little anecdote will help to prove my words.

"Are you married, Crowfoot?" one woman inquired.

"No."

"What? Not married? Did you never have a wife?"

"No; not any wife."

"Oh, do tell us why! Is it possible so brave a man does not like women?"

Crowfoot had always been a woman-hater, but far from saying so rude a thing, he replied, after a moment's thought:

"Never any woman have me."

THE EXPLOITS OF A FRENCH MISSIONARY

Some days later I interviewed both Crowfoot and a zealous old Catholic missionary and scholar, Père Lacombe, who, besides spending his long life with these romantic people, had written an authoritative dictionary of the parent tongue of the Western Canadian Indians. The priest and the chief conversed in the Creek tongue, and what became my surprise to see them warming up, in time, and laughing and nudging one another like two schoolmates who meet after a long separation and rehearse the adventures or the mischievous pranks in which they have taken part. This proved to be what they were really doing!

"What is it, Father?" I asked.

Then the noble old priest told me that he and his warrior friend were recalling the days when the priest was missionary to both the Crow nation and the Blackfeet—tribes at such enmity to each other that the world was not large enough to hold them both. They recollected how one night, when the priest was ministering to the Blackfeet, an attack on the camp was made by the Crows. It was pitch dark, and along with the first notice came the rush of the enemy, the firing of their guns, the screaming of the Blackfeet squaws, the clamor of the startled dogs, and all the hubbub of primitive warfare. The priest thought to restore peace by his presence, and so he rushed into the mêlée crying: "Stop this wickedness! Go to your wigwams, you Crows; do you hear me? I am your priest." He might as well have scolded a hurricane or tried to command a volcanic eruption. Bullets whistled by his ears, and warriors rushed headlong upon him. Then his manner changed. He saw that it was to be a fight to the death and that the only part of wisdom was to counsel strong self-defense.

"Here," he cried to the Blackfeet, "give me a gun. Rouse yourselves. Save your women and children and your own lives. Quick, I say; give me a gun and let us drive these mad people back to where they came from."

After that, side by side with Crowfoot, the priest fought; and the sight so stirred the braves behind him that the battle was easily won. And so was a still greater battle, because from that time the gentle scholar, who came among them to preach love and mercy and faith in the true God, had gained a hold upon the hearts of those rude warriors such as no other priest upon the continent has or perhaps ever possessed.

Does any one suppose that there was ever a day in their lives after that thrilling event when both these men would not have liked to tell the story—if it came naturally and apropos of something, without being pulled out by the ears for mere self-glorification? So it is most of the time when an interviewer seeks what the crabbed and ill-natured people love to call "his prey."

A ROTHSCHILD'S IGNORANCE OF FINANCE

I was once sent to interview a French Rothschild, a nobleman, but a youth of slight experience in the world. I was ordered to draw him out upon the subject of finance. I never took part in a stranger interview. He received me cordially because he thought I came from a great London paper of the same name as the American paper upon which I was employed. When I explained this he began to look blank.

"And for what haf I ze plaisure of zis veeseet?" he asked.

"I wish to speak to you of finance."

"Fynance?" he repeated, obviously puzzled by a word he had never heard.

"Yes," I repeated; "about finance."

His secretary now enlightened him.

"Oh, feenarnce! *Oui, je comprends.* Well, what will you tell me of feenarnce?"

"Nothing. I wish you to tell me something about it."

"I?" he repeated in surprise. "My dear sir, I assure you I know nussing whatever about ze feenarnce."

"Neither do I," I replied, and, thanking him cordially, I left him, puzzled to this day, I do not doubt, to grasp the purpose of my visit. It was an ill-advised errand. There were a score of subjects in which he was interested and on which he could have been drawn out, but my editor, mistaking him for an aged banker, instead of a pleasure-loving youth, had chosen the wrong one.

The subject of an interview must be wisely chosen. It must interest the person called upon, must touch a responsive chord, or else it begins with unwarranted intrusion and ends with failure. After a topic has been well chosen or has forced itself upon the editor as the obvious one for a discussion of which the public is waiting, there is one other essential to success, and that is absolute accuracy in reporting the conversation. It often happens that one cannot take notes, or does not wish to do so. Notebooks and pencils frequently alarm and put upon his guard a man who would talk freely in an ordinary conversation.

CORRECTING A TRUTH WITH A FALSEHOOD

In all my experience, though I have even been obliged to challenge the accuracy of a Secretary of State, I have only once been forced to publish a correction of what I have written—and then I was right, and the correction was the falsehood. It was a singular case. I interviewed a vestryman of the richest church society in America, and he readily and vigorously expressed his opinion upon the subject in hand. On the next day, when he saw his words in print, he denied that he had said that which I credited to him. More remarkable still, he came to the office where I was employed and said he had not been interviewed at all. He was told that my word would be regarded as equal to his, but that I would call upon him and he and I should decide upon what was to be done. When I called upon him he did not deny the truth of my report, but declared that he had been too impulsive, and his words had placed him in a very disagreeable position. He begged me as a personal favor to declare my report incorrect. I told him I would repeat his request to my editor, but I also took occasion to picture to him the serious plight in which such duplicity as his would have placed a younger journalist, who might yet have a reputation to make. In saying that my reports have never been found wanting in accuracy I do not boast. That is not a thing to boast of. It is the first necessity of a journalist to be accurate, and any man or newspaper that fails in this respect cannot prosper for long.

REENFORCING A SLENDER SCRIBE

I remember another singular case when a slender young gentleman was sent to interview an architect whose bad work had led to the collapse of a semi-public building in New York. The architect listened to the young reporter's request for an interview, and then replied that if he did not leave his presence at once he would throw him out of the window. Thirty minutes later the architect once again heard a rap at his door and called out "Come in." In strode the biggest reporter in New York, who was also one of the largest men in the country. He weighed three hundred pounds, and it was of him that an Irishman, looking down from the gallery at the reporters at a public meeting, called out, "Oh, will yez luk at the soize of the man that is airnin' his livin' wid a little pincil!"

"What do you wish?" the architect inquired.

"I am another reporter," said the gigantic scribe, "sent to ask you to throw me out of the window instead of the man we sent here half an hour ago. He was too small to be worth your while, but I am different. And now, sir, you will either throw me out of the window or I will throw you out—or you will, more wisely, sit down and explain how you came to do such bungling work on that building."

The architect decided to grant the interview.

MAKING THE PRESIDENT FEEL AT HOME

One day a President of the United States sent for me. He had been elected to that high office, but had not yet been installed.

"I hear," he said, "that you have just come back from Washington."

"Yes."

"Did you go to the White House? You did? Well, please sit down and tell me all about it. What sort of a house is it? How is it managed? How many rooms are in it? Whereabouts does the President do his work? And how did you get in there—how do visitors manage to see the house while a President and his family are living in it?"

"Why," I exclaimed, "you have often been to Washington! Have you never visited the White House?"

"No," said he; "I have only seen the outside of it. I have never even seen a President, or, in fact, any great man. I am so peculiarly constituted that if I knew the greatest man in the world could be seen by walking to the corner I would not walk there. But now that I am about to make the White House my home, I should very much like to hear all that you can tell me about it."

THE COBBLER'S PITY FOR THE REPORTER

Finally, there remains to be added to this slight treatise on interviewing an account of the funniest interview I ever had or heard of. My newspaper was the New York Sun, and it had sent me to look up some one in a suburb of the city. The address was a number in Fourth Street, but to my amazement I found three such streets in the place. The house I sought was not in any of them. Tired and almost discouraged, I turned into a cobbler's shop, and seeing a bearded German bending over a last in the glare of a swinging lamp, I cleared my throat and said:

"I beg your pardon, but I am a reporter of the Sun——"

"Well, well," he said soothingly, before I could finish the sentence, "you cannot help dot."

I could not continue for a full minute, so struck was I by the unexpected philosophy and wisdom of his reply. I could not help being a reporter, and I knew it. I had always believed I was born to be one, but who would have supposed a cobbler could have discovered all that by merely glancing at me?

A lovely old chap was this cobbler. I wish I could have run across him often, and learned to know him. When I explained that I wanted an address in Fourth Street, and had already been to three Fourth Streets, and would like to know if there were any more, he lifted his hammer and poised it in the air for half a minute.

"You vant to know if dere is some more of dose Fourt' Streets?" he asked. "Vell, I vill tell you. I haf lived here dwenty years, drying to find somedings owt, und I ditn't find anydings owt yet."

How B. F. Stevens Won His L.H.D.

WHEN the University of Vermont conferred, at its late commencement, the degree of L. H. D. upon Benjamin F. Stevens, the eminent antiquarian of London, it paid a deserved compliment to a scholar who has done much for his fellow-countrymen.

Mr. Stevens is a Vermonter, who for more than thirty years has held the busy post of United States Dispatch Agent at London. The position involves a knowledge of foreign exchange and languages, of European geography, mercantile customs and banking, a familiarity with the postal and express systems of the civilized world, and a thorough acquaintanceship with the diplomatic, consular, military and naval branches of the United States Government.

During all this time Mr. Stevens has devoted his leisure and his wealth to a historical work of unexampled difficulty and magnitude. It consisted in reproducing all the State papers throwing light upon Colonial and Revolutionary times which were in existence in the archives of the different European Governments. He invented a process for reproducing the seals, and every paper of importance was photographed so as to be an exact copy of the same size.

He visited the capitals of Holland, France and Spain, and took more than fifty thousand separate photographs. These make a library of more than thirty huge books.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in Julian Ralph's series on The Making of a Journalist. The series began in the Post of August 12, and will be continued weekly in succeeding numbers.

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